Cambria Freeman.

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THE STORY OF JONAH.

REVISED AND CORRECTED BY A TRANCE MEDIUM.

The story of Jonah you've all of you heard,
And how he got whaled in a manner absurd,
Because he was naughty and wouldn't obey,
But madly attempted to have his own way;
But you never have heard it correctly, because
It has been handed down through Rabbinical plays,
And doctored, and tortured, and twisted about,
Till the tale of the fish is enveloped in doubt.
Now the spirit of Jonah has whispered through me
That the common accounts are all fiddle-de-dee;
And having thus branded the calumnies false,
Has told me the genuine facts of the case.
Still many stories are afloat, and some boldly state,
That Jonah went to fish for whales, and used himself for bait;
That trying hard to cheat the fish, himself was taken in;
In fact, "eternally chewed up," in payment for his sin.
But let it here suffice to say, such stories are not true;
So here we leave the old account and hasten to the new.
Now Jonah was a fisherman of credit and renown,
Who owned a vessel long ago in old Nantucket town.
A member of the church was he, and else an honest man,
Though of his spirits he refreshed with spirits from the can.
He used to go on voyages, a fishing after whales;
And they called him profit Jonah for his profitable sales.
One day when he was out at sea a whale appeared in sight,
And taking to their boats, the crew gave chase with all their might;
But Jonah who was at the head had drank too much that day,
And, though he couldn't stand erect, would have his willful way.
He wished to deal the deadly blow himself; and so, to be brief,
The sailors, much against their wills, gave way before their chief.
But when he come to try it on, he was so awful drunk
He couldn't manage right at all, but made a fearful flunk;
He didn't throw the steel harpoon; so muddled was his head,
He never knew the difference; but threw himself instead.
The whale perceived his mixed-up state, and, with a quiet grunt,
It acted like a gentleman and swallowed the affront.
A moment more the sailors stared in terror and affright,
Their master had gone up the spout, the whale had got him tight;
And then they turned and pulled away, with all their might and main,
Both at the oars and bottle too, and felt all hope in vain;
They lost their cherished hopes to win the blubber of the whale,
And, weeping for the captain's loss, mixed blubber with a wail.
Now Jonah was astonished when he found himself inside,
A swimming in the gastric juice which then was at high tide;
He knew he wouldn't digest well, although he might jest die;
And blamed himself for going down, because he first got high;
And it went against his stomach, as he did against the whale's,
To think so bad a sell should be the end of all his sails.
Now Jonah's breath was very bad, quite spirited in fact,
And made the whale feel very queer, and very queerly act;
It swallowed lots of ocean brine to take away the taste,
Which nearly drowned the captain in its dreadful watery waste.
The saline water didn't make plain sailin' for our friend,
Who, like the seasick whale, but wished his troubles at an end.
The mighty creature swam for leagues in anguish and despair,
And took no notice of its course—in fact it didn't care,
Its inner life tormented it, and occupied its mind;
It only wished for ease again, and that it couldn't find.
Live captain didn't suit its taste; it licked its victuals raw,
And in a pretty pickle was the inmate of its maw.
At last it reached Nantucket, and there it ran aground
Just opposite the skipper's house, and then relief it found,
A mighty shock the creature felt in striking on the strand,
And it threw up its commission, all square upon dry land.
A few tremendous flops it gave, and then again was free,
And with a wondrous grin of joy it disappeared at sea.

In China, when a contractor engages to build a house, he encloses the premises and sets up cooking apparatus to supply his hired men with regular meals at the most economical rates. Having taken breakfast, they work till noon, rest one hour and leave off at 5 p. m., and return to their homes. On leaving, each takes a ticket, which admits him next morning. These tickets are daily vouchers of the artisan's presence. Counted up at any time a true account is rendered. A man on the ground throws several bricks to another ten feet above, and he to another still higher. Thus the masons are supplied as they ascend with the wall. Instead of carrying mortar in a hod, it is thrown by a shovelful from one story to another, to any required elevation, without spilling a particle, so expert are they by continual practice.

THE STORY OF A DUEL.

The Yosemite Falls of California, are no doubt the highest in America. The water makes three distinct leaps from the summit to the ledge before reaching the bed of the stream below. Not far from the head of these falls, and nearly concealed from the view of any passer-by on account of the thick trees which grew around it, stood a cabin of logs at the time of which we write, ten years since.

It was early one cold winter's morning that the master of this cabin, in company with his dog were returning from a hunt. They had been absent during the entire night, and now, just as daylight was dawning, they were approaching a home where they felt sure of a hearty welcome. The man, as he broke through the thicket in view of his cabin, paused, and gazed attentively upon it for a moment. Then he threw the buck he carried on his shoulder upon the snow, and shaking his head, he muttered:

"I don't know that anything is wrong her', but I don't feel just right."

At the same moment the dog ran toward the dwelling, and then, returning to his master, uttered a low growl. The man appeared very uneasy, but he hastened forward toward the cabin door. Before he had reached it, a woman appeared. It was plain to see that she had been weeping, and she was very pale.

"My God, Nancy! what has happened?" he inquired almost breathless.

"Be calm, Mark, be calm!" was the trembling response.

"But tell me what has happened?"

The question was scarcely asked before a second face appeared at the cabin door. The instant Mark saw this, he staggered back and gasped:

"The dead returned to life!"

"Ah, Mark Webb, the dead has returned to life. But come in, I wish to talk with you."

Webb, finding that he had merely flesh and blood to deal with, entered the cabin, and, throwing himself upon a seat, eyed the intruder for some moments without speaking. Then he asked, "Philip Dark, how did you find me out, and what do you want here?"

"I have been searching for you, Mark Webb, for five years. You thin't me dead. But you see that you were mistaken. And do you ask why I sought you?"

"Yes, I did ask it."

"It was to learn if the woman who calls you husband sustains you in your villainies, and if she did not, or was ignorant of them, to let her know the truth. I ——"

"Be careful what you say, Philip Dark," exclaimed Mark, half raising his rifle.

The other observed this and said:

"Mark, I should be sorry to do you harm, but I know you. In your presence I shall relate all to Nancy—I will not call her your wife, for she is equally mine—and she shall decide between us."

"She has already decided."

"Yes, but your acts have rendered that decision void; they have rendered a second necessary. Now, Mark, heed what I say. As at first, so will I abide by Nancy's decision now. But I must tell her all, and if I see you attempt to place your hand upon that rifle, in self-defence I'll send a bullet through your head the instant you do so."

"Go on with your questions and you lies."

"Nancy," said Dick fixing his eyes upon her, "what reason did Mark give for bringing you to this part of the country?"

"Oh, Philip, you know that when I made my decision, five years ago, I told you that you possessed my love, but that Mark had the claim of duty from me."

"I remember well, and I resigned you, so that your duty might be performed."

"You did."

"Well, answer my question."

"Mark told me that he wished to be far away from you, because you possessed my love. And so I came here with him."

"You thought me still alive, in St. Louis."

"I did."

"You never believed that Mark would harm me?"

"I certainly could not think so."

"Then listen while I repeat all the past. Some portions you are familiar with, and some you are not. But you shall have it all."

"I listen."

"Six years ago I formed your acquaintance, Nancy. I believed you to be a widow, and as such loved, won, and married you. I had a right to believe that you were a widow, for the proof of your first husband's death appeared positive. But, in a few months after our marriage, Mark Webb, your first husband, returned. There must now be a decision made. You believed your duty bound you to Mark, for the absence did not arise from his own fault. But you confessed that I held your love. I thought as you did, that your first marriage was the binding one, and at once I consented to forego all claims upon you. More than this, I resolved to leave the country, in order that my presence might not cause you unhappiness. Could I do more than this?

"But how did Mark act? I will tell you. He hated me because you loved me; and one night he met me in a lonely place, and, as he thought, drove a dagger to my heart."

"Oh, heaven!"

"Believing that he had murdered me, he left the country for fear of detection. That is the reason he brought you here."

"Oh, this is terrible."

"For a long time after receiving the wound, I lingered on the verge of the grave. But I recovered at last, and then set about looking for you. I have found you."

"And now that you have found her, what do you intend doing?" said Mark, in a surly manner.

"I will tell you. Nancy became my wife, and I loved her. But I would not see her dishonored. I resigned her because I thought you would be a generous and true husband to her. But you became at once a murderer and deceiver. So I came to ask my wife—for I am the true husband now—if she will go with me?"

"Well, ask her."

"She hears my question. Will you answer it, Nancy?"

"Mark," said the woman, turning her pale face toward him, "speak, and deny this terrible accusation."

"I won't do it."

"Can you do it?"

"Of course, if I could I would."

"But has Philip spoken truly?"

"Every word of truth."

"Oh, Mark! is it possible?"

"It is true, I tell you. Do you think I'll let a second husband of yours live in the same world with me?—And that, especially after you have declared that you loved him? No! You must think that I am a fool, indeed."

"But he does live."

"I know it. But he and myself can't live long."

"You surely would not a second time try to take his life?"

"I tell you, he and I can't both live. Of course, you would decide for him!"

"I shall never, knowingly, be the willing wife of one who has murder in his heart."

"I thought so. Now, Philip Dark, how do you propose to die?"

"What do you mean?" asked Dark.

"I mean that we must fight. Oh! I won't stab you in the dark. But we must fight in such a manner that it will be certain death to one of us and most likely to both. Will you fight me as I propose, provided the chances are equal?"

"No; I won't fight you at all."

"Are you a coward?"

"No?"

"Then why will you not fight?"

"Because Nancy needs the protection of some better man than a murderer. A duel is a game of chance, and I might be the loser. In that event, she would still be left to you."

"She will have nothing to do with me, anyway. Is not that the case, Nancy?"

"It is."

"And you will be his wife?"

"If he claims me as such."

"And you, Philip Dark, will not fight me?"

"Not so long as another claims my protection."

In an instant after a rifle shot echoed through the room, and, throwing up her arms with a shriek, Nancy fell back upon the floor, bleeding and struggling in the last gasp of death. Dark was so horror-stricken by this dreadful act that for an instant he stood speechless. Then he bent over the dying woman, never for an instant thinking of his own safety. He closed her eyes and pressed his lips to her brow; he listened to the last faintly-drawn breath, and then, for the first time, thought of himself. Turning he saw Mark stand near, gloating like a fiend upon him. Observing that the villian did not even retain his rifle in his grasp, he asked:

"Why did you not kill me, Mark Webb?"

"Are you anxious to die?" was the sneering response.

"I care not to live after witnessing such a deed."

"Then I will give you a chance for death. It will be a double death for you."

"What do you mean?"

"You died in effect five years ago. You shall die again to-day."

"How do you propose to kill me?"

"I propose to fight, now that she no longer lives to claim your affection. Will you fight me?"

"Yes."

"Enough. You have a knife in your belt—that is all you want. I have the same. Come, follow me to death."

"Where do you go?"

"To the head of the falls. Do you fear to follow?"

"I do not. Lead on."

Mark took a coil of rope, probably a hundred feet in length, off a peg, and bore it with him. Reaching the ledge flanking the falls he affixed one end of the cord around the root of a tree. This done he started down the cliff.

"Where are you going?" asked Philip, who had been watching him in silence.

"To the opposite ledge, across the falls. You see, in order to reach it, that I must go to the base of the cataract, cross the stream, and then ascend the other side."

"What is your purpose?"

"My purpose will soon develop itself."

It was not long before the villian was standing upon the opposite ledge. The yawning gulf of two thousand feet was between himself and foe, and the waters lashed the ragged rocks as it thundered over them.

"That rope is already coiled," said Mark, speaking across. "Throw me the other end."

This was done, and the line made fast upon the opposite side. A single cord now bridged that dreadful chasm.

"Meet me in the centre of the rope-bridge," said Mark. "We will fight only with our knives."

As he said this he began to advance. Philip Dark did the same, and both men crept carefully toward each other, the rope bending fearfully beneath their weight.

They were within ten feet of each other, when the courage of Mark began to fail him and he regretted the step he had taken. Why did he not kill his enemy at once and without incurring any danger to himself? But it was too late now? No.

He gazed into the eyes of Dark. He saw determination and absence of fear there, as he came slowly forward. He hesitated no longer, but drew a pistol from his breast, and fired at his victim. Dark waved to and fro, and appeared ready to fall. Mark considered his triumph sure.

But at that instant Dark raised his knife, and struck a desperate blow. The frail rope which sustained both men was severed in a twinkling; and down went their bodies, whirling through that fearful space, while the wail of the murderer arose on the air, mingling with the roar of the water.

The poor dog, who felt not the hate which filled the breast of his master, was the only mourner, and most truly did he mourn, and that without any comforter, save time.

Calling Up the Boy.—The Danbury *News* says: Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before. And it is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is to get him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this is so; so do their boys.—And yet the mother seems to go at it in the right way. She opens the stair-door and insinuatingly observes: "Johnny." There is no response.—"John-*ny*." Still no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed a moment later by a proionged and emphatic "John Henry." A grunt from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made, and the mother is encouraged to add, "You'd better be getting down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there an' give you something you'll feel." This so startles the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again. And the operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows nothing about this trouble. He merely opens his mouth like a soda bottle ejects a cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stair-way goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his very nature. And he pops out of that bed and into his clothes, and down the stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the paternal summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

Singular Relationship.—A friend who married a widow, explains as follows how he got mixed up in his relationship: I married a widow who had a grown-up daughter. My father visited our house very often, and fell in love with my step-daughter and married her. So my father became my son-in-law and my step-daughter my mother, because she was my father's wife. Some time afterwards my wife had a son—(how is that for high?)—he was my father's brother-in-law and my uncle, for he was the brother of my step-mother. My father's wife, i. e., my step-daughter, had also a son; he was of course my brother, and in the meantime my grandchild, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother's mother. I was my wife's husband and grandchild at the same time. And as the husband of a person's grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.

LINA POSELLI.

A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

The St. Louis *Republican* publishes the following: A poor girl, now about nineteen years of age, was born in Rome, and received the above name. Her father was probably an organist of the wandering jew class, and her mother may have been a fish woman. There is no doubt her parents were poor, and they may have been honest. Lina very early conceived a distaste for life in Rome, and started out to make her fortune. She was pretty,—Italy's sun burned in her veins, and Italy's skies shone in her eyes. She got away from home at fourteen, and threw herself upon the wide world with that dangerous companion, a beautiful face. She drifted to New York and soon became noted as a "pretty flower girl." She did not stand on the corner with her blooming basket, but carried it around in fashionable avenues, and to the brown stone mansions seated thereon. Her fresh stock of flowers every morning, and her bright eyes and the roses on her cheeks, and the perfect picture of beauty she made, harmonized with the aristocratic locality she loved to frequent. She always sold out and then glided away into the solitude of the great city, no one knew whither. Her swift foot defied followers.

She became a curiosity—and then a sensation. David Simmons, an old, rich, retired merchant, saw her and became one of her daily patrons. He was often seen talking to her on his marble steps, and afterwards with a posy in his button-hole. Then Mr. Simmons tried to find out where the beautiful vision vanished when the basket was empty, and because he could not became greatly distressed. Mr. Simmons was a widower, but he had a daughter who was married, and she and her husband lived with the old man in the house. The daughter saw the beautiful Italian girl, and did not like her. She objected to her father making an old dunce of himself, and the quantity of flowers which old Mr. Simmons bought every day was something astonishing.

The more his daughter scolded, the more he filled his room with flowers, and the more he displayed the choicest and rarest of them in his various button-holes. He was a walking conservatory and hot-house, though he could not be called a green house. His white hairs too nearly resembled dead leaves. His daughter and her husband made an effort to get his property taken out of his hands, but failed to establish a case of insanity. This angered him, and when it was all over, he ordered his covetous children to leave his house entirely, and they went sorrowing away. The old man then turned all the property he possessed into money and disappeared from New York. The beautiful flower girl disappeared at the same time. She had made her fortune. The old man and his Italian charmer went by sea to Savannah, Georgia, where they were duly and properly married.

David Simmons on the same day executed an instrument, whereby all his money and bonds were left to his wife. In a few days he met with an accident which injured his spinal cord, and he laid down and died. Nothing was heard in New York of the fate of Simmons for six months, and, in the meantime, the girl had left the country, and was safely back in her own sunny land. The only thing left to tell of David Simmons was an empty trunk, which was found in a New Orleans hotel.

Lina Poselli has been heard from. She had been seen in Rome, by one who, like old Simmons, had been infatuated with the bare legged flower girl of New York. It was at the carnival last spring. During the last days of this fantastic saturnalia, he saw a gorgeously apparelled woman in an elegant open carriage who attracted universal attention, and commanded the plaudits of the throng that beset her carriage.

It was Lina Poselli. Her form was nearly lost amid the banks of roses and exquisite flowers that surrounded her. Her face was wreathed in smiles as she pelted with sugar plums the occupants of the carriage next in front or next behind her in the procession. Her eyes danced and sparkled like light in water. Her whole being was in a condition of bewitched madness and tumultuous merriment—the very intoxication of ecstatic enjoyment.—She had made her fortune. The fairy dream of her childhood was realized. She is nineteen, and rich and beautiful, and a native of Italy. A fortune for a prince—perhaps a future queen of the opera. What connection has Lina Poselli henceforth with the pretty flower girl of New York, or the old empty trunk in New Orleans?

Barnum is going to make his animals fire-proof now. The elephant will wear a corrugated iron-overcoat, the baboons will have Babcock's extinguisher strapped on their backs, while the camels and other animals will be coated heavily with fire-proof paint.

A Friend at Hand.—How a Double Marriage Occurred.—A citizen of Wright county, Iowa, writing to friends in Dubuque, tells about a matrimonial send-off that occurred there recently which seems savory and interesting. Rice, a school-teacher living near Webster City, is the father of two blooming daughters, the eldest of whom was engaged to be married to a member of the interminable family of John Smiths. They burned the midnight oil and tallow-dips under the paternal roof to their heart's content, and were married last week.—John Smith had a friend called Peter Brown—another aristocratic cognomen of few possessors—and Peter was a bachelor; he had tried to marry, but always had ill luck making himself acceptable to the fair sex. Peter had confided to John the story of his reverses among the ladies, and a bond of sympathy was sealed between them.

One day, previous to his wedding, John told Peter he thought he could get him a wife, referring to the schaolmaster's younger daughter. "Come with me when I'm going to be married, to-morrow, Peter, and perhaps I can give you a lift." Peter assented and on the following day, at the appointed hour, the bridegroom and his friend appeared at the house of the bride's father, ready for the ceremony. The family group was assembled in the best parlor, a few friends were present, the country 'squire wiped his glasses, and was about to begin the ceremony, when Smith stepped back and addressed his intended wife's sister with:

"See here, Jane, my friend Brown has been trying to get a wife; he's a good man, and if you expect me to marry your sister you've got to marry Brown—and we'll all be married at the same time. What d'you say?"

The bride and her family winced somewhat under this demand in matrimony made by the groom, and the younger sister's face was wreathed in carnation of blushes; there was a general flutter. All eyes were turned towards the groom to see if he faltered in his demand, but he did not, and after some minutes' hesitation Jane consented, rather than break in upon her sister's matrimonial prospects. The 'squire married the four there and then, and after the splicing was through with, hearty congratulations followed, and the parties settled down to married life in comfortable homes near Webster City.

How Old Pomeroy was Released.—Old Pomeroy, as the boys call him, who has since become so famous, or infamous, if you please (depends on which party you are a member of), as Senator from Kansas, had been captured the day previous, in endeavoring to make his way into Lawrence. As soon as the governor heard of it he despatched me to ascertain the cause of his detention, and have him released. The only tent in the camp was appropriated to the prisoner, before which a sturdy Missourian, with a dilapidated double-barreled shot gun, was pacing slowly, apparently impressed with his great responsibility.

He informed me that he belonged to Capt. Denson's company, and him I found closely engaged at "seven-up."

"Captain, who is your prisoner?" I asked.

"Old Pomeroy," he replied, without looking up.

"When did you capture him?"

"Yesterday; high jack, game."

"Why did you arrest Pomeroy?"

"He's contraband—my deal."

"Gov. Shannon directed me to tell you to release Mr. Pomeroy."

"Tell old Shan. to go to h—l—shan't do it—turn up jack."

"Very well, sir," I answered, "I will deliver your reply," and started away.

"I say, Cap.," shouted Denson after me; "don't make a d—n fool of yourself; come back here and take a hand."

"No, thank you."

"Oh, well, if old Shan. says so, I spose it's all right. Bill!" yelled the Captain at the top of his voice, "let old Pum go, Guv'nor says so; whose deal is it?"

The future Senator heard it all, and as I escorted him out of the camp and saw him safely on his road to Lawrence, he seemed disposed to ridicule our discipline.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Boyhood in Spring-time.—Rafting is the prevailing popular amusement with the juveniles this month. The boy whose parents own the pond is generally chosen captain of the raft. The raft quite frequently consists of a couple of boards the captain's father has laid away to season. The captain stands at the bow and hollers, and the other officers, whose claim to the berth principally rests on the fact that they have dry pants at home, stand at the stern, and spatter water on the outsiders who are on the shore with their hands in their breeches pockets and guile in their hearts. They thus navigate for hours at a time, and then fight over the distance they have made, and finally go home to see their parents about it, and are dried with a bed-cord, and are put to bed, where they can feel of their injuries without molestation.—*Danbury News.*

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - April 25, 1873.

It has lately been announced, as if by authority, in some of the leading radical papers of the northwest, that Senator Colfax is industriously marking out a programme by which he expects to be nominated for Congress in his old district. One would have supposed, in view of the overwhelming exposure which he met at the hands of the committee appointed to investigate the Credit Mobilier scandal, that he would not be ambitious again to hold office, but on the other hand would prefer to keep himself secluded from the public gaze. It is true that just before Colfax left Washington with a scattered reputation, Grant wrote and delivered to him a certificate of good character, but when it is remembered that Grant did the same thing for his friend Tom Murphy, collector of the port of New York, after he had resigned his office in obedience to the universal demand of the importing merchants of that city, the white-washing epistle of Grant to Colfax loses all its significance and is not worth the paper on which it is written. If he were to scatter his letters in vindication of Colfax's honor and integrity broadcast over the land, as thick as leaves in Vallambrosa, they would fail to wipe out the stain which the facts and the testimony developed before the committee indelibly imprinted on his character. There it is and there it will stick like the fabled shirt of Nessus.

In his public career, Colfax has shown himself to be a demagogue of the first water. His face wears a constant smile and his studied effort is to conceal his true character beneath loud professions of religion and morality—a very common practice in these days of political corruption and profligacy, and of which Ex-Senators Harlan and Pomeroy, along with Colfax, are living and conspicuous examples. His radical constituents may send Colfax back to Congress if they will, but they cannot by so doing restore to him his good name. If he should accomplish his present purpose and once more become the representative of the South Bend district, when he crosses the threshhold of the Capitol to enter the chamber in which congressional honors have heretofore been lavishly conferred upon him, the silent whisperings of an uneasy conscience will tell him that he is about to appear on the scene of his former triumphs with a ruined and blighted reputation, and only to be pointed at with the finger of contemptuous scorn.

WHAT are claimed as "women's rights," amongst which is the right to vote and to be admitted to the legal profession, advocated only by fanatics and fools, do not seem to be making much progress towards their consummation in these latter days. A certain Carrie S. Burnham, a strong-minded spinster of Philadelphia, labored under the delusion that, by virtue of the fourteenth amendment to the constitution, she had the same right to vote as *any other man had*. She made a vigorous effort to deposit her ballot, but the election officers were deaf to her entreaties. She then brought suit against the election board in the Court of Nisi Prius, presided over by Judge Sharswood, who promptly settled Miss Carrie's hash by decifing against her claim. She took an appeal to the Supreme Court, before which she argued her own case. The Court refused to hear counsel on the other side and affirmed the decision of Judge Sharswood, that *under the constitution of Pennsylvania women have not the right to vote*. Thus endeth the first chapter of women's rights.

Under the provisions of the same constitutional amendment, Mrs. Myra Bradwell, of Chicago, ambitious of forensic honors, made application to the Supreme Court of that State to be admitted to the bar, but was refused because of her *sex*. She took an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States, and a few days ago the appeal was argued, when the Court decided that the right to practice law was a matter for the Legislature of a State to regulate, and as Illinois had done so and excluded women from the bar, the Court could not interfere and manufacture a *lawyeress* out of Mrs. Mary Bradwell. And thus endeth the second chapter.

From these decisions of the highest State and National judicial tribunals it is very clear that Carrie S. Burnham is not a *voter*, and also that Mrs. Myra Bradwell cannot hang out her shingle in Chicago as an *attorney-at-law*. It is about time now for these two precocious women in breeches, if their recent experience has produced its usual result, to stay at their homes and attend to their legitimate business—Miss Carrie S. Burnham to superintend the household of her father and Mrs. Myra Bradwell to raise up her children, if she has any, which we very much doubt, in the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom.

SAMUEL H. REYNOLDS, Esq., of Lancaster city, a Democratic member-at-large of the Constitutional Convention, resigned his seat last week, and Ex-Governor William Bigler was elected by the Democratic members-at-large of that body to fill the vacancy. Gov. Bigler has the ability and experience to make an efficient and useful member of the convention.

THE report of the Committee of Statistics to the National Board of Underwriters, shows that there are 49,844 mills and manufacturing establishments in this country.

Rutan, Graham and Davis.

The Altoona *Daily Tribune* is mistaken when it says that the Legislature appropriated $3,000 to each of the three State Senators, Rutan, Graham and Davis, who have been appointed by Gov. Hartranft commissioners to represent this State at the Vienna Exposition during the coming summer. These enterprising and disinterested gentlemen were more modest and circumspect in their raid on the public Treasury, their pay being $2,000 each, or $6,000 for the *trio*. This Vienna speculation was eminently disgraceful to all who were concerned in it. The whole scheme was engineered through the two Houses by Rutan, who prides himself on his magnificent proportions, and who had set his heart on making a trip to the Austrian capital *at the public expense*. We understand that the authority for the appointment of those Commissioners, as well as the fixing of their salary, is contained in a section of the Appropriation bill. Rutan was a member of the conference committee on that bill on the part of the Senate, and the pious and irreproachable Sam Josephs was one of a similar committee on the part of the House. Just here we will remark that a Speaker who could so grossly outrage all the proprieties of legislation as to appoint a scurvy and corrupt political guerilla like Sam Josephs a member of a conference committee on an Appropriation bill, ought to hang his head in shame and humiliation. But Speaker Elliott and Sam Josephs are, however, kindred spirits—members of the same rapacious Ring—and the old saying is therefore verified that "a fellow feeling makes a man wondrous kind."

It seems, then, that this Vienna appropriation was inserted in the bill by the conference committee of the two Houses, against a well settled rule of Parliamentary law. The whole affair was a cunningly devised and skilfully set up job on the part of Rutan and Hartranft, else why were all the commissioners taken from the Senate? Were there no persons outside of the Senate Chamber competent to represent the State and spend her money by attending the Exposition? Why was Sam Josephs overlooked in the selection? He is a model specimen of the average Pennsylvania legislator, and having done a vast deal of dirty work for the radical party, deserved some recognition at its hands. But this pleasure trip of these grave and potent Senators may yet come to grief. The following provisions of the State Constitution would seem to dispose of their case:

ART. I. SEC. 9. No Senator or Representative shall, during the time for which he shall have been elected, be appointed to any civil office under this Commonwealth which shall have been created, or the emoluments of which shall have been increased during such time.

And again:

ART. VI. SEC. 8—No member of the Senate or of the House of Representatives shall be appointed by the Governor to any office during the term for which he shall have been elected.

Constitutions, however, from a radical stand point are more honored in the breach than in the observance, and we presume these three Senatorial *dead heads* will make the journey and appear at Vienna as the accredited representatives of this ancient commonwealth. What they are expected to do there we cannot even surmise. They no doubt anticipate a high old time of it. And why not, since the State supplies them with the funds? To use a vulgar comparison, it seems to us that the presence of Rutan, Graham and Davis at the Exposition will be like the teats on a boar, *more for ornament than use*.

THE latest intelligence from the Modoc war is somewhat conflicting. General Jefferson C. Davis, of the regular army, who was appointed the successor of Gen. Canby, had arrived at the scene of operations and taken command of the troops. Some severe fighting took place last week, the U. S. forces only being able to use artillery, with which they shelled Capt. Jack's stronghold in the lava beds and compelled him to retreat to another point three or four miles distant, but still in the lava beds, which cover from seventy to one hundred square miles. Souchin, the Modoc chief who killed Thomas, the Peace Commissioner, was found dead in the camp, together with sixteen other Indians. Of the white soldiers five have been killed and ten wounded. Intense excitement prevails among the settlers who anticipate scenes of the most cruel barbarism if the Indians escape from their hiding place. This Modoc war is likely to prove a most troublesome and expensive business to the government.

THE Johnstown *Tribune*, which, for the last three months, has been persistently urging the claims of its model legislator, Samuel Henry, as the nominee of the radical party for State Treasurer, has been very seriously alarmed by the discovery, that a "Ring" (not the terrible "Ebensburg Ring" this time but the corrupt Treasury Ring,) is so arranging matters as to force the nomination of R. W. Mackey, the present incumbent. We have entertained that opinion ourselves for some time past. If Simon Cameron wants Mackey nominated it will be done, even though Samuel Henry has *two* daily organs published in his interest, in the "Commercial Metropolis" of Cambria county.

ACCORDING to a Harrisburg correspondent, it is pretty well settled that Robert W. Mackey is to be the Republican nominee for State Treasurer. His only opponent is said to be Samuel Henry, of this place, and he only desires his name brought forward and placed on the track for the next heat.

Our Government and the Indians.

If the public mind was excited and justly irritated by the treachery and cruelty of the Modoc Indian, Captain Jack, in the murder of the individual Gen. Canby, how much greater should be the excitement and irritation of the public mind at the wholesale inhuman butchery of the Modoc tribe. In this murder, the white man has gone far beyond the red man in savagery. The murder of Gen. Canby deserved to be avenged. Stern justice demanded the punishment of the individual criminal, but not the indiscriminate slaughter of his whole family, and in the wholesale slaughter of the Modocs the government has stained its hands with the blood of a persecuted people. That all the innocent men, women and children of the Modocs should be murdered to revenge the assassination of Gen. Canby, is monstrous. The sentiment expressed by Gen. Grant and his officials, that there should be no compunctions of conscience in sweeping the Modocs out of existence, evidences a much lower order of morality than that of the Modocs. Was the soul of Gen. Canby more precious than the soul of any one of the many poor privates whose lives were sacrificed in inflicting punishment on the murderers? The government in this indiscriminate butchery has been guilty of a monstrous crime, far beneath the dignity of a great nation. Governments as well as individuals are responsible and deserving of punishment for the commission of crime, and if this government should be scourged commensurate with the crimes it has committed in its dealings with the Indians, the punishment will be great indeed.

Never has justice characterized our government in its dealings and in its treatment of the Indians, and most especially within the last few years has its dealings with them been of the most villainous character. The Indian Bureau is nothing but an official swindling machine, run by a ring of heartless jobbers, who manipulate contracts and plunder the Indians. It is run by a ring of plunderers, including among its number even the Secretary of the Interior himself. None but sanctimonious thieves, such as the Harlans and the Pomeroys, are allowed to control the patronage of the department. For the last decade, but one honest man filled the Indian Department, and he was very summarily dismissed to give place to a man notorious for dishonesty. Every Commissioner of Indian affairs and all his agents have despoiled the Treasury of the government and enriched themselves by plundering the Indians. The agents for the removal and the furnishing of supplies and subsistence, and for the payment of annuities, have been nothing more than legalized thieves, who have stolen the Indians' money, cheated them out of their goods, and driven them to desperation. Instead of Indian appropriations decreasing, they are steadily and rapidly increasing. From three millions, in a very few years it has increased to seven millions, and the business of the Indian Bureau is to plunder the Treasury, rob the Indians, and drive them from one reservation to another. Indian treachery, bad as it may be, bears no comparison to the civilized treachery of the white man of which the red man is the victim. Self-preservation is an instinct as strong in the savage as in the civilized breast, and the Indian has been so robbed, deceived and maltreated by white government officials, that all the defiant pride of their savage natures has naturally been roused.

To live in peace with the few Indians that remain among us a more enlightened and honest course must be adopted and pursued by the government. The peace policy, under the management of pure, upright, honest men, would secure peace with savage tribes; but while its moral policy is seized upon by such sanctimonious, voracious thieves as now control the patronage of the Indian Bureau, who have an organized system of robbery, who parade bogus chiefs at Washington and get appropriations of millions for them and for tribes that have no existence at all, there never can be any hope of reform or peace with the Indian. There is no instance in which the Indian has violated any treaty stipulation which he fairly understood, where the terms were fairly kept by the white man. The savage Indian has only been driven to desperation by bad usage and goaded to the commission of crime by the villainy of the sanctimonious, mercenary white man.

WE publish elsewhere some extracts from a letter written by Gen. Farnsworth, a Republican member of Congress from Illinois, on the extra pay swindle and the expenses of keeping up the White House. It appears, from his figures that while President Lincoln expended $22,500 on his household in 1864, it cost the government under Grant in 1872 more than *three* times that amount, or $69,160. In the one item of repairs, furniture, etc., for the house, it will be seen that there is a difference of $29,000. The expenses of maintaining the Executive Mansion, added to the President's salary under the late extra pay steal, will therefore aggregate for this year about $120,000. And yet this is called a republican form of government. Who can tell how long it will remain so?

TOBACCO BEGGING.—It is an old saying and we believe a true one, that "show me a tobacco chewer and I will show you a beggar." Notwithstanding the habit of begging and giving the weed, there are but few who know that in so doing they are placing themselves liable to a penalty. The United States Internal Revenue law allows no person or persons to sell or dispose of tobacco in any form, no matter how small or great the bulk, without first paying a license fee of five dollars. This may be reducing the law to a fine point, yet it is true, if we accept the law as the above clause reads.

The Salary Grab--What General Farnsworth Says About It.

OUGHT TO BE IMPEACHED.

And, on former occasions, when the subject was under discussion in the House, I declared that a President who should sign a bill increasing his own salary would deserve impeachment. Entertaining such sentiments, I cannot accept this money without feeling that I should thereby become a party to a conspiracy to embezzle the Government's money.

THE MUTUAL BRIBERY.

I am not surprised that the people are indignant and wrathful over this act of *mutual bribery* by an expiring Congress and a recently re-elected President; indeed, were they not so, it would be cause for real astonishment. With immense public debts, National, and State, and local; with increasing taxes, and decreasing prices for our products; with the rapid encroachment of "rings" and monopolies, who have gorged themselves and grown rich upon the blood of the war, and the toil and sweat of the masses; with such reckless waste and extravagance in the use of the public money as has been seen at Washington during the last few years,—no wonder the country is agitated, or its attention arrested at last. But, it should be remembered that, without the approval of the President, this increase of salaries could not have been accomplished. Indeed, without the *co-operation and favor* of the President, Congress itself would not have adopted it. This was well understood at the time. Neither would Congress consent to increase the President's salary, standing by itself, upon its own merits. This was shown in the House when, in Committee of the Whole, Mr. Sargent first moved to increase his salary. The committee refused to entertain or consider it, actually overruling a correct decision of the Chairman (Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts,) to beat it, so obnoxious was the proposition when standing by itself. It was only by coupling the two together, *Congress and President*, that either had any hopes of success.

VIOLATING THE CONSTITUTION.

The Constitution says: "The President shall, at stated times, receive for his services a compensation, which shall neither be increased nor diminished during the period for which he shall have been elected." Mark the language: "*Shall not be increased during the* PERIOD *for which he shall have been elected.*" In a preceding clause, the Constitution defines a "*term*" to be four years; and, if the framers of that instrument intended to limit the prohibition of the power to increase the President's salary to a single *term*, why did they not use that word instead of the word "PERIOD?" The latter word covers the whole *time*, whether it be for one term, or two, or half-a-dozen, that a man "shall have been elected" President.

When there is doubt about the correct interpretation of a law, we look to the object or reason of the provision. Was not the object of that provision, in short, to prevent a President from helping to make a law increasing his own compensation? During the discussion in the House, I inquired of Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, and also Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts (both of whom voted for the bill), what was the object of that provision of the Constitution? Mr. Maynard replied that it was to prevent Congress from bribing the President; Mr. Butler answered that it was to prevent the President from using his power to increase his own salary, or, in other words, from bribing Congress. Such being the opinions of the friends and champions of "increased pay" (whether they looked at the Constitution straight or crooked), it was difficult to understand why it was not as much a violation of the spirit and intention of the Constitution to increase the compensation of the President by a bill passed and approved by him at 11 o'clock at night, on Monday, the 3d of March, as by a bill passed and approved by the same President on Tuesday, the 4th. Congress could as well bribe him, and he could as effectually use his power and influence upon Congress, on one day as the other. In either case, the President helps to make the law which increases his own salary "*during the period for which he has been elected.*" The excuse that the Legislative Appropriation bill would have been lost, and an extra session of Congress necessary, if the conference report had been defeated, or if the President had vetoed the bill, is mere pretense. I have already said that, without the favor of the President, the amendment increasing salaries could never have passed Congress; and if he had vetoed it, the bill would have been promptly passed with the obnoxious provision left out. So, too, a defeat of the conference report by either House would simply have had the effect to recommit the bill to another conference committee.

NO OTHER PRESIDENT HAS "ASKED FOR MORE."

The plea that larger salaries are necessary to enable a President and members of Congress to live respectably in Washington, is not true. No other President has "asked for more." Mr. Lincoln saved half his salary, and that, too, when gold was 200 and over. And yet the allowances, "incidentals" and "contingencies" for Mr. Lincoln were far less liberal than for the present occupant of the White House. The following appropriations, made in 1864 and in 1872, are, I believe, fair examples, and may be regarded as a pretty fair sample of our rapid growth in extravagant expenditures of late:

For Lincoln, 1864.		*For Grant*, 1872.	
For Secretary to sign patents	$1,500	For Secretary to sign patents	$1,500
For Private Secretary, Steward and Messenger	4,000	For Private Secretary, Steward, Mes'nger and two Executive Clerks	13,800
For contingent expen's of Executive Office	2,000	For contingent expen's of Executive Office	6,450
For two Night Watchmen	1,200	For one Watchman and two Policemen	3,000
For two Door-keepers	1,200	For two Door-keepers and one Usher	3,000
For one Furnace-keeper	600	For one Furnace-keeper	720
For fuel	2,400	For fuel	5,000
For repairs of house and for furniture, improvement of grounds, purchase of pl'nts and all contingencies	6,000	For *'annual'* repairs of house and for furniture, and for repairs, etc., of *green-house*	35,090
For repairing summer residence at 'Old Sold'rsHome'	3,000	Total, Grant	$69,160
Total, Lincoln	$22,500	Besides various officers of the army, Brig. adier Generals, &c.	

NO MORE LABOR—NO MORE RESPONSIBILITY.

It cannot be claimed that the labors of the Executive Office are greater now than during the last year of the War, or its responsibilities more overwhelming. Then, our President could never find time or respite from the constant labors and terribly wearying cares of his office, to get farther away than the "Old Soldiers' Home," whither, during the hot season, with throbbing head and aching heart, late in the day, he would ride in search of a little rest in its cool retreat.

A COMPARISON.

It is said that larger compensation was necessary to secure competent and worthy Senators and Representatives in Congress! Was not the average of brains and patriotism in Congress quite as great when the pay was but $8 per day during the actual sessions, as it will be under the present salary, which will amount to $55 per day during the session? The former sum was paid to Webster, Clay, Benton, Wright, Buchanan, Adams, Corwin, Chase, Douglas, Calhoun, &c. I will not compare; probably the grateful and proud constituents of the members who voted this increase will make some comparisons of those names with their own self-sacrificing representatives! If members of Congress must purchase residences in Washington, and keep up an establishment there, and be men of fashion, their expenses will outrun any salaries they may receive; but such men, it is to be feared, soon forget that they are the representatives of distant toiling, tax-paying States and districts, and the effect is seen in their votes and efforts for all manner of expenditures, especially for the benefit of their new homes, rather than the interests of the country, like the appropriation of *three and a half million dollars, last session*, for the streets of Washington, and another half million for various hospitals, Board of Health, Reform schools, etc., besides liberal appropriations for *Government* buildings and grounds.

The Postal Cards--Important Information for the Public.

The Third Assistant Postmaster General (E. W. Barber) has given notice that, the necessary appropriation having been made for the purpose, the department will, on the first of May next, commence the issue to Postmasters of the postal cards authorized by the act of June 8, 1872.

The card adopted is five and one eighth inches in length and three inches in width, and is made of good stiff paper, watermarked with the initials U. S. P. O. D. in monogram. The face of the card is engraved, surrounded by a border in scroll-work one-eighth of an inch in width. The one cent stamp printed on the upper right-hand corner, is from a profile bust of the goddess of liberty looking to the left and surrounded by a lathe work, bordered with the words "U. S. Postage," inserted above, and "one cent" below. On the upper left-hand corner are the words "United States Postal Card," with directions to "write the address only on this side—the message on the other." Underneath, and occupying the lower half of the card are ruled lines on which to write the address, the top line being prefixed with the word "To."

The back of the card, intended for the communication, is entirely plain, being devoid even of ruled lines. In color the body of the card is light cream, the printing velvet brown. No variation in size, shape, color, or in any other particular, will be made from the regular style to accommodate special cases; nor will the department do any printing on the cards beyond the engraving specified in the description.

Postal cards will be sold for one cent each, neither more nor less, whether in large quantities or in small. The object of the postal card is to facilitate letter correspondence and provide for the transmission through the mails, at a reduced rate of postage, of short communications, either printed or written in pencil or ink. They may therefore be used for orders, invitations, notices, receipts, acknowledgments, and other requirements of business and social life. And the matter desired to be conveyed may be either in writing or in print, or partially in both. In their treatment as mail matter they are to be regarded by postmasters the same as sealed letters, and not as printed matter, except that in no case will unclaimed cards be sent to the dead letter office.

An ordinary printed business card may be sent through the mails when prepared by a one-cent postage stamp attached; but such card must contain absolutely no written matter except the address. Otherwise it will be treated as not fully prepaid, and refused admission into the mails.

All cards different from those herein described, bearing embossed or printed postage stamps, and purporting to be United States postal cards, are counterfeit, and the manufacture of such cards, or the attempt to use the same, will subject the offender to a fine of five hundred dollars and imprisonment for five years. (Section 178, postal code.)

Postmasters will not, under any circumstances, be permitted to reduce or exchange postal cards that may be misdirected, spoiled in printing, or otherwise rendered unfit for use, in the hands of private holders.

The department will not furnish less than five hundred cards on the order of a postmaster. Individuals desiring postal cards will purchase them of a postmaster, as in no case can they obtain them upon direct application to the department.

INDIAN STATISTICS.—Our Indians (exclusive of the 70,000 in Alaska) are estimated by the Indian Bureau as numbering in all about 300,000. The following tables will show at a glance how this total is divided (approximately) as regards means of livelihood, reservation, treaties with the United States, and civilization:

HOW MAINTAINED.

Self-supporting	120,000
By the government (in part)	84,000
By the government (entirely)	31,000
By hunting, marauding, etc	55,000
Total	300,000

AS TO RESERVATIONS.

On reservations under agents	150,000
Roaming and coming occasionally to the agency	95,000
Roaming but never coming to agencies	55,000
Total	300,000

AS TO TREATIES.

Living under treaties	180,000
With reservations, but without treaties	40,000
Without reservations or treaties, but controlled (partly) by agents	25,000
Without treaties and uncontrolled by agents	55,000
Total	300,000

AS TO CIVILIZATION.

Civilized	97,000
Semi-civilized	125,000
Wholly savage	78,000
Total	300,000

* The following table shows how the redskins are distributed in the States and Territories (excluding Alaska):

1.	In Minnesota and States east of the Mississippi river	32,500
2.	In Nebraska, Kansas, and Indian Territory	70,650
3.	In Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, and Idaho	65,000
4.	In Nevada, and Territories of Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and Arizona	84,000
5.	In California, Oregon, and Washington	47,850
	Total	300,000

About one-twelfth the Indian population or 25,000 are out of tribal relations and reside among the whites. By glancing at the table above it will be seen that there are at least 55,000 redskins over whom the government has no control. They are savage; they have no treaties with the government, and they have no reservations.—It would not be unfair to estimate that one-half of those who come to the reservations occasionally are not effectually controlled by government agencies. The number of redskins which the army has constantly to watch is between 100,000 and 125,000—that is between one-third and five-twelfths of the whole number.

The Hero of the Atlantic Disaster.

To look at William Hoys one would not think him a hero. But the truth is, that but for his courage and endurance the death list of the Atlantic would have been greater by scores. The writer, in conversation with the survivors, heard "the sailor passenger" repeatedly spoken of as having saved many lives, and thought it worth while to seek him out. A gathering of three or four intelligent looking fellows was approached with the remark: "I am trying to find the man they call the 'sailor passenger.'" Quick as thought two of the men started up, and their eyes glistened and their voices shook as they exclaimed together, "He saved my life!" "He saved my life!" The "sailor passenger" was soon found by the assistance of these men, who, in their gratitude, were eager that his brave deeds should be recorded. His name is William Hoys, and he is a native of County Antrim, Ireland, although he has been in America several years, being employed as a sailor upon our lakes. He is about thirty-five years old, well built, but not appearing to be remarkably strong.—In conversation he showed himself to be an uneducated but good-natured fellow, having strong sympathies for his fellowmen, but entirely unassuming, and not disposed to talk of what he had done. "Why," said he, "I saw them drowning, and tho't I would save some if I could." Hoys crossed by the rope from the ship to the rock, and had great difficulty in clambering up its treacherous, slippery sides. He saw others attempt it only to fall back into the water and drown. The men were hurried on to the rope by the Captain, who was on the ship, and many had not the strength to reach the rock, and were drowned on the way; others reached it only to meet death with safety at their fingers' ends. Hoys saw all this, and realized how much a man might do in assisting those who got across; and, although suffering greatly with cold—he had been for hours exposed on the ship, and had no clothes but his shirt and pantaloons—he undertook the work himself. He lay down upon the top of the rock and reached over its precipitous side, and as the men came across he caught them by their upraised arms, their clothing, their hair—wherever he could get a hold—and pulled them up to a place where they could stand. It was hard work, and every time he pulled a man up he took the risk of being himself pulled down. Thus he worked until his hands became as cold and numb that they refused to do further service, and then instead of abandoning his self-chosen post, he just reached his body further over the dangerous side of that rock and set his teeth into the coats of the men and drew himself back, until they could hold on for themselves. More than a hundred men did brave Bill Hoys, the "sailor passenger," lift from the death below over that perilous way to the safety above, and it is enough to set one's heart a throbbing to hear some of these men express in their odd ways the gratitude they feel to their preserver. It made no difference who the men were, whether from the cabin, the steerage or the crew. Hows lent his strength to all who came, and never stopped in his work until utterly exhausted.—Hoys thinks more might have been saved if the Captain had not hurried the men over the rope so fast, but believes he acted according to his best judgment. In common with the rest of the steerage passengers, he complains of the fare during the voyage. Condensed water, he says, was almost invariably used in cooking, the coffee, the bread and the pudding (the one time it was served) were so salt that they were for the most part thrown overboard to make the sea saltier.—*Boston Advertiser.*

TERRIBLE SNOW STORM IN NEBRASKA.—GREAT LOSS OF LIFE AND PROPERTY.—A special dispatch from Lincoln, Neb., to the St. Louis *Democrat*, dated April 21st, says: The first train for a week on the Burlington and Missouri River road came in this morning. The reports of the late storm show it to have been the most severe ever know here. Men were frozen to death within two rods of their houses while trying to get to their stock to feed them.—Near Grafton a man named Eccles attempted to reach a neighbor's house, scarcely half a mile away, accompanied by his wife and child, and the two latter were frozen to death. Mr. Marshall, of Hastings, perished while trying to reach his stock from his house. The wife and child of Mr. Fent, living near Red Cloud, were frozen while attempting to reach their neighbors after the house had been rendered uninhabitable. Their bodies were found on Friday ten rods from the house. Families were compelled to take refuge in cellars or keep their beds for three days. Houses were blown down and filled with snow. The destruction of cattle and horses was great. Some farmers lost all they had. One party lost a whole herd of seventy-five head. The gullies on the railways were filled with snow hard as ice.—Snow-ploughs were useless.

TERRIBLE CASUALTY.—SEVEN PERSONS CRUSHED TO DEATH.—A letter from Belleville, Republic county, Kan., records a dreadful accident which occurred on Monday night a week ago, during a dreadful storm which passed over the county.

The house of Mr. Crane, near Belleville, was burned on Saturday, and his family—consisting of wife and four children—took shelter in the residence of Mr. Bennett. On Monday night the storm tore the roof off Mr. Bennett's house, a stone building, and blew in the gable, which fell into the cellar, where the inmates had taken refuge.

Mrs. Bennett was severely injured, and in the morning Mr. Bennett went to procure assistance. When he returned he found that the floor had fallen in, and his wife and three children, together with Mrs. Crane and two of her children, were crushed to death. A boy and girl of Crane's were still alive, and were carried to a neighbor's, but the boy died shortly after reaching there.

CATARRH AND CONSUMPTION.—The drying up of a catarrh, or the driving it away from the lining of the nose, is almost sure to drive it upon the lungs or some vital part. The drying up of skin diseases has the same effect. The pure condition of the blood forbids either of them to exist in the human body; hence the right way is to cure the man, and the catarrh or the skin disease will disappear with the removal of the cause. We have often seen this occur in cases of asthma, as an eruption appears upon the skin the asthma leaves. Physicians produce eruptions by ointments for this very reason. Those who will use Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure for a sufficient length of time, will cure any of these diseases, renovate the system, and renew the life. A pamphlet description of it sent free.

Dr. Keyser's office, 167 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Price of Lung Cure, $1.50 per bottle, or $7.50 per half dozen.

—The power of superstition still so remarkable among the black people of the South is shown in the case of Williams, a murderer, just tried at Mobile. After he had committed the crime, he cut off the hand of the murdered man and preserved it in quicksilver and lime, carrying it in his pocket and firmly believing that the talisman would protect him from any danger of detection. He was caught however, for all that, and is likely to be hanged in spite of the preserved hand.

News and Political Items.

—Perks county has a two-cent-a-day deed.

—A colored lady of Sandusky is the happy mother of forty-nine children.

—A convict at Elmira dug his way out of jail with a tablespoon in ten days.

—The first fractured leg of the season base-ball season is reported from Cincinnati.

—A terrible prairie fire occurred recently in Republican county, Kansas, burning many houses, stables, cattle, etc.

—Gen. Jeff. C. Davis has been relieved by Gen. Sherman to proceed to the Pacific coast and assume the command vacant by the death of General Canby.

—A serious riot has occurred at Frankford, in Germany, against the beer sellers of beer. The troops were called out, and several persons injured, and one killed.

—A Connecticut kitten has been born with seven legs and two tails, which can be specifically related to the extra legs and tails which Connecticut has been living.

—A live rattlesnake was found frozen in the aqueduct at Rochester, N. Y. The citizens now understand that certain political delusions were caused by imbibing with their whiskey.

—A sensitive Indianapolitan, aged fifteen, on being reprimanded at the breakfast table for going to a party in his tired and blew his false teeth out of the crown of his hat.

—The Lowell *Courier*, in common with other civilized sheets, thinks the present legislation is peculiar. Bills introduced in both Houses mysteriously disappear, and bills which pass neither House ever afterwards seriously appear on the statute books.

—Almost every town in Illinois which elections in April has gone Democratic. The same may be said of Massachusetts. Credit Mobilier and Congressional Presidential salary steal has disgusted the great mass of honest men.

—Thaddeus Stevens' Caledonia Iron Works, with 18,000 acres of land, will be sold, and the proceeds used to establish and endow a Home in Lancaster, for the relief of indigent orphans who have lost a parent.

—A Buffalo girl, pretty as a picture, has sold over five hundred dollars worth in the last two years. She travels with a horse and wagon, sells by sample, has a machine, and shingles and curls her own afterwards refuses to keep at the business.

—The Worchester (Mass.) *Post* tells a pretty good one on a Worchester congressman who is about to engage in the vegetable business. It says: "He had some useful experience in that direction, having raised his own wind for the last two years."

—The famous Watkins Glen, at the head of Lake Seneca, New York, which less than three years ago was sold for $25,000, has just been sold to a Philadelphia firm for $100,000. The purchasers say the property could have been bought for $5,000. So much for progress.

—On Saturday morning last a man named Walters was instantly killed on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Spring Grove, about one mile east of Mount Joy, by the Pittsburgh express west. It appears that Walters was standing upon the track when the train struck it, and did not see it.

—The Swiss *Times* says a Swiss Hotel at the Vienna Exhibition will be established, where real American Indians will be seen without American drinks. This will be a fine place for the Modocs, if they can only catch them. Such an opportunity will not offer to them to come in. Let the Peace Commissioners think of this.

—The little boy who was saved from the Atlantic was not saved for nothing. Glory waits him. Also wealth. He will travel with a giraffe, a few elephants, a hippopotamus and other curiosities, be a member of the proud privilege of travelling with Barnum. It is delightful to know that the heroic boy will be worth at least $20,000 and the right to use his photograph.

—A young man who died recently in New York, came to his death in a singular manner. He heard a noise in the yard in a street car on the night of the 4th of March last, and passed out to see what was on the sidewalk, to watch proceedings. A pistol was fired in the direction of the man at the same moment he was wounded in the ankle. He was taken to the hospital, but has since died of his injuries.

—Mr. James Walton, residing in London township, Delaware county, Pa., is the happy possessor of a cow that is certainly a speculating medium in her way. This bovine between the dates of February 22, 1872, and February 22, 1873, furnished 324 pounds of butter, which Mr. Walton the sum of $[illegible]. At this time a family of three persons are also regularly supplied with a quart of the lacteal fluid for all domestic purposes. Who has a cow to exchange?

—Briceland, convicted in Humboldt county of the murder of Alice Burnett, sentenced some three weeks ago, escaped from the Washington jail on Saturday evening last, together with several other prisoners. It appears that with the assistance of some outside parties duplicate keys were made for the cell locks, and as no warden is kept the prisoners had no difficulty in making their escape. A reward has been offered for re-capture of Briceland, and he will be shot on now on the look-out for him.

—Last Saturday morning the express train on the Shore Line Railroad between Connecticut, met with a fearful accident at Richmond Switch, where the bridge had been carried away by the flood. The train came sweeping along at full speed, when instead of leaping across the chasm, was precipitated and brought to a halt and the cars were submerged in the seething waters below. The express and freight mingled among the debris. Twenty persons were killed outright, and a number of others wounded. Several bodies are supposed to be washed down the river. The excitement in Boston, New York and Providence was very great, as persons from those places being aboard.

—On the first of April a horrible tragedy scene occurred at Bonnette, on Big Coal Branch, Elk county. Three children went into a shanty back of their father's house, where a can of powder was stored. They took out the cork, and after forming a train of powder around the can of powder, set fire to it. Two of the children (which were respectively 3, 5, and 7 years of age—two boys and a girl) lighted a match and dropped it into the can, which was about two-thirds full. The result was a terrific explosion, which shocked the entire premises. The two youngest children were burned into a shapeless mass, but lived until the next day. The remaining child was also burned so badly that its life is despaired of.

—A correspondent of the Meadville *Democrat* tells the following story: Early during the month of November last, Mr. Arthur Vanwhy, of Pike county, had his left arm broken. Dr. P. J. Gillot, of Bushkill, was called to set the broken bone, and has continued to attend to have Mr. Vanwhy for his patient ever since. A few days ago the writer called upon Mr. Vanwhy, and, wonderful to relate, found him with an arm measuring eighteen inches in circumference. Upon inquiry, he stated that if, a man's arm two feet and a half long, and a leg which is as thick as a man's body, would be considered by persons may doubt this, and think the writer exaggerated, but it is not. This man lives in two miles of Bushkill village, and can be seen by any one who desires.

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Friday, - - - - - April 25, 1873.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—The moon changes to-morrow and it is to be hoped that the weather will change with it.

—Some two or three cases of spotted fever are reported in this place, with what result we know not.

—Frank Stine, who recently broke jail at Brookville, was recaptured near Marysburg, Blair county.

—Joe Hite's cow, in Ebensburg, last Wednesday, put its heap into a meal-bin." Another Tribune. Heap of what, please?

—Another $5,000 hunk of that New Orleans fortune, it is said, reached Mrs. Elias Rose, of Cambria township, the other day.

—Wm. H. James, of the *Herald*, is again under the weather physically, and in consequence his paper is behind time. We knew that winter was lingering in the lap of spring as soon as we saw the tracks of those bare feet in the snow the other morning.

—Jacob Giallius, aged 80, fell and broke both legs while walking across a room in the residence of Martinsburg, Blair county, last week.

—Hon. T. Swank, Esq., of the Johnstown *Tribune*, shed the light of his benign (six candle) countenance upon us Wednesday. Come *Moore* times.

—The child of Mr. Osborne, of Johnstown, who had a tub of hot water on Tuesday last, unfortunately was pulled out before any serious consequences resulted.

—Two Jefferson county prisoners escaped last week—went out thro' the door of the prison. Six hundred dollars offered for two of the best.

—Among the few remaining antiquities which Johnstown may be noted are the dwelling houses which have withstood the blasts of sixty-three winters, or more.

—D. W. Bisenger, of Indiana county, has mysteriously disappeared with $2,000. The money belonged to himself, foul play is suspected. He was last seen at Pittsburg.

—It is stated that Mr. W. H. Brown, an engineer of ability, has been authorized to survey a line for a railroad from Bedford Junction, there to connect with the Pittsburg Central.

—Thos. McDermott, of this place, has been awarded a contract for building the fifth section of the Shenandoah Valley Railroad and John Donahoe & Co. the 65th section.

—Jonas Long confessed before Judge Taylor that he had been guilty of forty-eight car, and was therefore sentenced to the Western Penitentiary for a term of two years and four months.

—A barn owned by a man named Hoover, of Elizabeth Furnace, Shirley township, was burned to the ground on Monday night last. Sparks from a burning chimney did the business.

—Mr. James King, formerly of Hollidaysburg, recently Surgeon-General under Curtin, and now a resident of Altoona, had his leg broken at the hip, last week, by being thrown from a buggy.

—Mr. Speer, of the Huntingdon *Journal*, will be sleighed from Ebensburg to Cresson and return on the 17th day of May, but forgets to tell whether he will pay for the use of the team on that remarkable occasion.

—Monday morning of last week a man named Williams died in Altoona from injuries received from the kick of a mule. The accident occurred in this county some three weeks since, and the man suffered excruciating until death relieved him.

—A stranger was struck by an engine and had an arm and leg cut off, on Friday morning last, at Newton Hamilton, this side of walking on the railroad track.—Exchange said that his companion refused to go to a place of safety lest he might soil his clothes.

—George Mills, of Philipsburg, Centre county, has caused the arrest and imprisonment of his wife merely because she beat in the head with a neck yoke and otherwise damaged his physiognomy. Why in the darn fool row? Mills ought to know surely, when water is so high there.

—It is noted as a "dry" joke that there are two places between Philadelphia and Pittsburg where a railroad passenger can get his whistle," and those two are Harrisburg and Gallitzin. All trains are "dried up" by local option except a few where trains do not tarry long enough even for whiskey straights.

—The fraud intended to ease the minds of the Johnstown *Democrat* editors by pleading the interpolation, under a misapprehension, of the words "Conemaugh borough" in Po Yang's last letter, but as the "heathen Chinee," in his own inimitable style, has left us so many holes to crawl through at that we have concluded to let it pass.

—Mrs. Humphreys' fine three story frame dwelling on Julian street has been so far completed as to permit of occupancy, and is one of the handsomest dwellings to be found in the county. When the grounds about are properly enclosed and graded, Mr. H. ought to live like a prince, as he deserves to do, for he has earned his means by commendable thrift and industry.

—The Altoona *Tribune* tells of the visit of a boy, on Thursday night last, of a township man in quest of his seven year old daughter, who, it appears, had left for parts unknown in company with a certain young man and a libertine of her father's available greenback. There the pursuing parent learned that his daughter had bought a ticket from Gallitzin, but was supposed to be on an east.

—We hope the *Sun* will not cease to shine on Altoona because our correspondent has had the misfortune to be "taken in" by a sensation story about the murder of a negro boy, who was burned to death in the wreck of a coal oil train near Bell's Gap a few weeks ago. It was not an enterprising editor who furnished us with the item even if it were, what that fact has to do with the alleged commission of a murder several miles east of the "abominations," is more than we see.

—If you want a copy of Miss Brownson's Female Gallitzin, now is the time to subscribe. Send us $2.50 and 20 cents to pay postage, and we will forward you for one year's subscription to the *Sun* and a copy of the work as soon as it is issued as a new subscriber and will pay for two copies of the work, two copies of our paper (one year for each) and postage on both books. No Catholic should do without this admirable life history of a most valuable man and zealous priest.

—An Altoona lady, young and handsome, came a few days ago for the purpose of getting her "lovyer" in Harrisburg, to whom an elopement and clandestine marriage had been arranged, but a telegraphic dispatch "brought her up standing," the latter city before she had time to fall into the loving arms awaiting her, and the trip in company with a police officer followed soon after, and now the *Tribune* reporters are as angry about the loss of a sensation item as the crest-fallen mail is about the loss of a prospective husband.

—The congregation of the Church of the Holy Name, in this place, decided on Sunday last, by an overwhelming majority, to complete the tower of their beautiful new church edifice in as brief a time as possible. No design has yet been submitted, but the pastor, Father Christy, gave his people to understand that he had one in his mind's eye which would be a fitting addenda to that really handsome structure, and which would not cost more than $1,500. Several hundred dollars were subscribed on the spot, and the probabilities are that the work will be pushed to an early completion.

—Mr. Asahel Corbin and Mr. John Silknitter, of Henderson township, says the Huntingdon *Journal*, were passing into town on Saturday, by the new iron bridge over Stone Creek, a freight train came up in the rear and frightened their horse, which made several leaps and broke the wagon. Mr. Corbin jumped out and saved himself, but Silknitter was thrown out against the stone composing the west abutment of the bridge, and his skull badly fractured. He was carried to the residence of A. W. Kenyon, Esq., where he died during the day. He was buried at four o'clock on Sunday. He leaves no family.

—The extremely dangerous practice of walking the railroad tracks has resulted in another shocking death. A certain Mr. Johnston, of Murraysville, Westmoreland county, essayed the experiment on Friday evening last, in the vicinity of Manor Station, and while so employed stepped from the north to the south track to avoid a train approaching him in front, and by so doing put himself in the way of another train moving in an opposite direction, which train run over him, severing his right leg below the knee and injuring him internally to such an extent that death ensued the same evening. He has left a wife to mourn his sad death.

—Two men named Myers and Mason became involved in a quarrel at the public house of John Hamilton, near Lilly's Station, this county, on Saturday night last, and the trouble culminated in the latter cutting the former with a knife, first on the nose, then in the neck, and finally in the arm near the shoulder, producing ugly gashes in all three instances and causing injuries of a very serious if not dangerous character. Mason was subsequently arrested in a coal mine, where he was at work, and was held in $500 bail to answer. Hamilton, the keeper of the house, was required to give like security for his appearance on the charge of selling liquor to minors, preferred by young Myers' father.

—We note with regret the accidental killing on the Mahoning railroad, near Youngstown, Ohio, on Thursday last, of Patrick Halloran, second son of our friend and subscriber, Mr. Edward Halloran, of Bennington Furnace, Blair county. Young Halloran was a brakeman on the road indicated, and while in the discharge of his duty fell between two of the cars, and the balance of the train passed over him and mangled his body in a shocking manner, producing instant death. The deceased was about eighteen years old and was an exemplary, well doing young man. The remains were taken to Hollidaysburg, his former home, and interred in the Catholic cemetery there on Monday last. His bereaved parents have our heartfelt sympathies.

—A certain young man with a handsome wife has many times and oft importuned a railroad despatcher down the road for the position of flagman on a freight train, and the probabilities are that he would still be on the importune had he not had the good or bad fortune to return home very unexpectedly a few nights ago and found the aforesaid handsome wife and gay despatcher in *flagrante delicto* under his own roof. That brought the flagging business to a climax instanter, but the employee who was removed to make room for the young husband so unexpectedly promoted, after finding out how it was himself, reported the affair to headquarters, and now the despatcher stands as much in need of somebody to give him employment as the young husband did before he gained such an obnoxious friend.

A Bogus Marriage Notice and What Came of It.

—Some fifteen years ago, more or less, a young man of dissolute habits, a resident of Altoona, conceived and executed the idea of giving publicity, through one of the local journals, to a bogus marriage notice, in which a certain James L. C——n and a Miss Anna G——n figured as the contracting parties. The reputed bridegroom was of course highly indignant at the liberty thus taken with his cognomen, but subsequently learning the source from whence it originated, his indignation gave way to that feeling which once upon a time o'ercame the pertubed spirits of the mythical individual whom the jackass kicked; whereupon he straightway went and made love to the young lady (a servant girl in the vicinity) with whose name so much freedom had been taken, and after the usual billing and cooing the loving twain were made "bone of one bone," etc., not however until the fair one had fallen heir to several thousand dollars left by a deceased uncle in Germany, which streak of good luck probably added to rather than diminished Anna's charms in James' estimation. Be that as it may, the newly wedded betook themselves to Iowa, where they went to work with a will, a horse or two, various ploughs, and several other farming concomitants, and now they are worth, according to the Altoona *Tribune*, or were the other day when they passed through that city homeward bound, about $120,000 in clear cash, to say nothing of the little "olive branches" which have, we presume, grown up around them and made their hearts glad in the interim. And so ends the story of the bogus marriage notice.

The New District Court Bill.—Below we give a synopsis of the act passed at the last session of the Legislature in reference to the District, or Johnstown, Court. The Court is invested with exclusive and unlimited jurisdiction within its territorial limits, and also with general criminal jurisdiction, except in cases of treason and homicide. The Governor is required to appoint a Clerk of the Court, to act as such until the first day of December next, and the act authorizes the election of a Clerk at the general election in October next, who will enter on the discharge of his duties on the first day of the following December. Jurors are to be selected for the year and drawn for each term by the Sheriff of the county and one of the Associate Judges of the District Court. All expenses of the Court that are incidental to the several County Courts of the Commonwealth, are to be paid out of the Treasury of the county, upon orders drawn on the Treasurer by the Associate Judges of the Court, and it is made the duty of the District Attorney of the county to certify that a bill is correct before an order can be issued. Bills for jurors' fees are to be certified by the Clerk of the Court. The County Treasurer is required to attend each session of the Court to pay orders. The salary of the President Judge is fixed at $1,800 and that of the Associate Judges at $200, to be paid out of the State Treasury. The Commissioners of the county are required to provide suitable rooms for the use of the Court and its officers. Each term of the Court is limited to one week.

—Counting that one yesterday, how many falls of snow did you say there have been?

Local Correspondence.

Johnstown, April 22, 1873.

Dear Freeman—The following dainty *morceau* we clip from the Johnstown *Democrat*, which was penned under intense excitement by the senior editor, and is supposed to be original:

We must excuse "Po Yang," the *Freeman's* correspondent, because he is a foreigner, for his lack of geographical knowledge about our town. Still he should not mistate facts. He says "Adams street, in Conemaugh borough, is in a deplorable condition," which is not true. There is not a neater or better paved street in the county. It is paved with cobble stones its entire length, well curbed and the sides well laid with brick. Po Yang, when visiting Sharpsburg, must not blame his little inconveniences on the well regulated borough of Conemaugh.

Now, we do swear by all the gods in China that we never wrote "Conemaugh borough" in that connection. There are various ways of accounting for this mistake, however. The letters may have got mixed up when carrying the epistle to the post-office, or when stamping it, or in the mail when Ben. Hoffman was driving like Jehu to the station, or there may have been a smash-up on the Branch road, or our worthy candidate for county treasurer may have read it wrong, or set it up wrong, or transposed it, or interpolated it, or there may have been a *pi*, and the item had to be set up a second time. Moreover, it is not a geographical mistake, but either a geological or an astronomical one. When one looks down into that awful chasm, it is geological, but when in the chasm and looking up, then it is astronomical.

There's something curious about Adams street at any rate. When one goes to Stemmer's, it is in Johnstown; but when going away, it is in Conemaugh. You know how it is yourself! One end of that street is in Conemaugh and the other end in Johnstown, and the two authorities are now trying to *make ends meet*. The senior editor had better take care, however, who he attacks. We are now a *juryman*, and we mean to assert our rights, if we are a foreigner.

N. B. There *is* a little spot in Conemaugh borough that might be improved near the end of the Woodvale bridge. Do you hear?

There was a heavy frost here on Saturday night last, but it belonged to the white race, and didn't do any harm. Black frosts are dangerous.

"You are neither the Captain nor the mate" wrecked the Atlantic. Sich like remarks have wrecked our common schools hereabouts.

Sugar-making and harvest will come in the same month this year. That's so.

John B. Hay goes out of the stove business into the grocery business with his father-in-law. Well, here's luck! May they make Hay (rich) while the sun shines.

Benton & Wayne have laid in a very large supply of wooden work for wagons and carriages. The entire pavement was filled the other day with their new goods. Mr. Benton is one of our oldest citizens, and is a strict business man and perfectly reliable. The junior partner understands the hardware business perfectly. They can be found next door to the Opera House, Main street, Johnstown.

Men are employed planting trees along Maple avenue, in Woodvale borough. This will soon be the handsomest borough in the county.

Lambert & Kress have built a nice office just opposite their brewery. It is covered with slate and otherwise ornamented.

Men are now employed in slating the tower of St. Joseph's Catholic church in Conemaugh borough. The weather is still too windy for this work, and the slaters run some risk.

The gas company are tearing down old buildings and putting up new ones constantly with a view to comfort and economy.

Col. James M. Swank was home on last Saturday, looking well. Mr. Swank is doing well in his new vocation.

The Cambria Iron Co. are now making brick at their new brickyard in Coopersdale.

B. Sweeny & Co. is the title of a new firm who have opened a new clothing store under the Opera House. Mr. Sweeny was formerly employed as salesman in the store of Jas. J. Murphy.

Geo. Fritz, Esq., has got his house painted anew and is now having the front lot greatly enlarged.

The U. P. Church congregation is putting up another business room in front of their church.

Somebody has been duplicating borough bonds—another O. D. P. arrangement.

I intend to be a candidate for the Assembly and expect to get the nomination. I have voted the Democratic ticket long enough to take *Sam's* place.

The Benford House has been completely renovated. It is now as neat a hotel as can be found anywhere. Mr. Benford suffered some loss and inconvenience while the work was being done, but he will make up all the loss now. Judge Easley superintended the work, and it is needless to say that it is well done. Come down and take a dinner with us.

The Public Square is to have a chain fence around it, whatever that is. I think it is a fence that will keep men out and let hogs in!

The *Echo* is shaking a stick at some P. M. I hope it is not our P. M., especially the assistants, who attend to their business very promptly.

A meeting of some young folks was held here the other afternoon and after some billing and coo—ing a few books were presented to and fro. That is all I know about the matter. If I knew more I should say more.

Millwrights are now engaged in converting the old woolen factory in Woodvale into a grist mill.

Felix Hare, who formerly took photographs in Johnstown, has struck a one hundred and fifty barrel well of oil at Greece, Butler county.

The foundation of the new Episcopal church is ready for the brick-work.

By the time that this is in print Messrs. Campbell, of the *Daily Mountain Voice*, will have their new engine set and running. It is a nice piece of workmanship.

The Cambria Iron Co. has caused an old barn at East Conemaugh to be removed, which was built nearly one hundred years ago.

W. Horace Rose has a pump factory in operation, propelled by steam, which turns out about one hundred pumps a month.

Po Yang.

Holloa there! are you aware that from Huntley, the fair dealer and square, you can buy the best of hardware, and home-made tinware, and all kinds of wood ware, besides every style of glassware, and groceries cheap, fresh and rare, at prices that will for cheapness compare with those of any like dealer here or elsewhere? If you don't know these facts, call at Huntley's big house-furnishing depot, Ebensburg, and you will soon see "how it is yourself;" but if you do know them and don't act on the knowledge, we can only say that you are standing very much in your light, and the sooner you get out of it the better for your pocket-book.

Some people may talk about the big stock of flour, feed and groceries they keep; and others may try to induce persons to buy by declaring they sell very cheap. Yet this bear in mind, nowhere will you find, though you seek o'er and o'er, better flour and feed, and other things that you need, than at E. J. Mills' cheap store. Try his choice teas.

Sabbath School Convention.—The fourth annual convention of the Cambria County Sabbath School Association will be held in Johnstown, on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 13th and 14th.

All the officers, teachers, and friends of the Sabbath School are cordially invited to attend. It is earnestly desired that every school in the county be represented.

These meetings are friendly reunions of the workers in the Vineyard of our Lord, and efforts are being made to have them both interesting and profitable.

Bro. Rev. Geo. A. Peltz, the *live* Sabbath School man and Secretary of the State Association, will be in attendance. His reputation speaks for him, and all who have heard him are pleased and eulogize his ablities highly.

The first meeting will be held in the Presbyterian church, Johnstown, at ten o'clock, A. M., on Tuesday.

All persons attending the convention, not residents of Johnstown, will register their names with the Committee of Arrangements, who will be stationed in the vestibule of the church, in order that their places of abode may be assigned them. Arrangements will be made for the entertainment of all who come.

The following topics will be discussed during the meetings of the convention:

1st. The mode of conducting each school, and the best methods of governing schools.

2d. Preparation of the lesson and the teacher's responsibility.

3d. Personal influence of the teacher over the scholar.

4th. The duty of parents to come with their children, and of Christian parents being teachers in the Sabbath School.

5th. The "Question Box."

Questions upon any part of the Sabbath School work may be written by any or every one. They will be answered by Bro. Peltz.

Executive Committee—D. J. Jones, President; Wm. A. Stewart, Morris J. Lewis, J. M. Pringle, H. Kinkead, E. L. Edwards, J. R. Caldwell.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER,

John Dougherty, Sr.

Subject to the decision of Democratic County Convention. [Ebensburg, Apr. 25, '73.]

CAUTION.—All persons are hereby cautioned against interfering in any way with the following described property, which was purchased by me at Sheriff's sale and left with Henry Little, of Allegheny township, during my pleasure: 1 bay horse, 1 sorrel mare, 1 red cow with white face, 1 black cow with white face, 1 two-horse spring wagon, 1 two-horse wagon, 1 one-horse spring wagon, 1 two-horse sled, 1 one-horse sled, 1 set harness, 1 harrow.

CHARLES FLICK.

Allegheny Twp., April 19, 1873. [25-3t.*

NOTICE IN PARTITION.

To Mary Roger, intermarried with Alfred Constable, one of the heirs and legal representatives of Philip Roger, deceased:

Take notice that an inquest will be held at the late dwelling house of Philip Roger, late of Jackson township, Cambria county, Pennsylvania, deceased, on Monday, May 19th, A.D. 1873, at 2 o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of making partition of the real estate of said deceased, to and among his children and legal representatives, if the same can be done without prejudice to or spoiling the whole; otherwise to value and appraise the same, at which time and place you are requested to attend if you think proper.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 21, 1873.

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Washington Township for the year 1872:

MICHAEL BRADY, Supervisor,

In account with Washington Township, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate		$1,315 60
" " " Taxes on Unseated Lands		202 75
" " " Cash retained		3 00
Total amount		$1,521 05
Cr.		
By work on roads as per acc't filed		$1,088 25
" Time, 92 days @ $1.50 per day	144 00	
" Order to R. L. George, April 8, 1872	1 50	
" Order to J. P. O'Neill, June 25, 1872	1 50	
" Order to Wm. M'Gough, June 25, 1871	1 50	
" Order to Jno. Kelly, Nov. 26, '70	3 00	
" " Julius Ezer, May 14, '70,	12 62	
" Wm. M'Gough, dec'd, 24, '72,	3 02	
" " E. M'Glade, April 10,	4 00	
" " F. Warner, Apr. 11, '70,	4 33	
" Wm. M'Closky, " 22, '71,	4 00	
" Jas. Conrad, May 25, '68,	1 50	
" " Wm. Brown, Sept. 5, '70,	11 37	
" " Phil. Warner, Apr. 11, '70,	9 83	
" " Jno. Kelly, April 10, '70,	4 75	
" " Jno. Kelly, " 22, '71,	4 00	
" " Dan'l Kearny, " 10, '70,	3 50	
" " J. Burgoon, May 14, '70,	2 50	
" Order to J. M'Gonigle, Judgment for lumber and interest in 1870	61 54	
" Order to G. I. Davis, Ap. 10, '71,	70 00	
" " to E. M'Glade, April 10, 1871, (interest $8.44,)	114 00	
" Exonerations, April 14, 1873,	7 81–1,560 37	
Balance due Supervisor		$39 02

PETER MYERS, Supervisor.

In account with Washington Township, Dr.

To amount of Duplicate		$767 66
Cr.		
By Time, 54½ days at $1.50 ⅌ day,	$81 75	
" Exonerations	14 00	
" Unseated Lands returned	13 85	
" Bond and Oath	1 25	
" Pass Book	25	
" Team	2 00	
" Receipt for Parrish Judgm't, $1,	14 30	
" Work done on roads as ⅌ acc't,	613 71	
" Parrish Judgment	4 67—$745 88	
Balance due Township		$21 88

From the best information in our possession having posted notices to claimants to forward to us, prior to this date, information in regard to the character and amount of their claims—there are claims to the amount of four hundred and nine dollars and fifty-two cents ($409.52) against the Township.

We, the Auditors of Washington Township, do certify that the above is a correct statement of the accounts of said Township.

WM. M'GOUGH, } Auditors.
J. P. O'NEILL, }

Christopher Robbie, Clerk. [April 19, 1873.]

STATEMENT OF SETTLEMENT with the Supervisors of Blacklick Township for the year 1872:

JOHN FERGUSON, Supervisor,

In account with Blacklick Township...	Dr.
Apr. 9, '73—To balance of last year's tax	$ 32 87
" 14, '73—To Duplicate of road tax, 1872,	411 10
To Unseated Land taxes	140 09
To amount from Reuben Boring	8 98
To order on Supervisors for 1873	90 87
	$683 82

Cr.

June, 1872—By work, old duplicate	$69 59	
" By one plough	10 00	
" By Attimus Ott	6 10	
Apr. 14, '73—By am't ret'd to Com'rs.	29 28	
" By lost tax, Geo. Forr	16	
" By " " Jno. Patterson	1 00	
By orders paid J. L. Edwards	4 12	
" " " John B. Ross	5 10	
" " " J. W. Duncan	8 82	
" " " George Huntley	12 80	
" " Ed. James, printing	9 00	
" " H. A. McPike, printing	8 00	
" work on roads	429 45	
" cash paid for pick	1 75	
" " " shovel	1 40	
" " " 3 scoop handles	1 50	
" Time	84 28	
" two duplicates	1 00—683 82	

REUBEN BORING, Supervisor,

In account with Blacklick Township...	Dr.
April 8, '72—To balance of last year's tax	$55 40
" To duplicate of tax for 1872	467 31
Apr. 14, '73—To Unseated Land tax	100 00
	$622 71

Cr.

June 1, '72—By work on roads	$ 74 06
Apr. 14, '72—By exonerations	1 30
By am't returned to Commissioners	10 63
By work by Ross	67 31
By work by Boring	404 73
By time, etc	45 50
By six plough points, 70c. each	4 20
By putting timber out of roads	5 00
By repairing tools	5 00
By cash to Ferguson to bal'ce acc't	8 98—622 71

OUTSTANDING DEBTS.

Order to John Ferguson	$ 90 87
John Cameron, Auditor	3 00
Elias Rowland, "	1 50
John L. Edwards, "	3 25
John L. Edwards, smith work	4 74
John B. Ross, Township Clerk	12 00
John B. Hite, for room	1 00
	$116 36

We, the undersigned Auditors of Blacklick Township, do certify that we have examined the above accounts and find them correct.

JOHN CAMERON, }
ELIAS ROWLAND, } Auditors.
JOHN L. EDWARDS, }

Attest—John B. Ross, Clerk.

Blacklick Twp., April 14, 1873. [25-3t.]

LIST OF RETAILERS OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MERCHANDISE, as assessed for the year 1873:

Class.		Lic'se.	Class.		Lic'se.
ADAMS TOWNSHIP.					
14	Chas. Helsel	$ 7 25	14	Louis Shank	$ 7 25
ALLEGHENY TOWNSHIP.					
14	William Buck	$ 7 25			
BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.					
14	G. B. Wike	7 25			
BARR TOWNSHIP.					
14	John Sossong	7 25	14	Nich. Lamborn	7 25
CARROLLTOWN BOROUGH.					
14	A A Barker & Son	7 25	14	Leonard Hiller	7 25
14	John Wertner	7 25	14	J W Shartaugh	7 25
14	John Buck	7 25	14	Henry Blum	7 25
14	J. E. Mancher	7 25	14	Andrew Hagg	7 25
14	Simon Schroth	7 25			
CAMBRIA BOROUGH.					
14	John Ryan	7 25	14	Joseph Stiblich	7 25
14	Dan'l M'Donald	7 25	14	John Kintz	7 25
14	John Now	7 25			
COOPERSDALE BOROUGH.					
14	John P. Adams	7 25			
CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.					
13	Nutter, Cunningham & Co.	10 25	14	Louisa Aaron	7 25
14	John Stormer	7 25	14	Jac'b Wertman	7 25
14	Mich'l Tuhey	7 25	14	Aug. Lehuyer	7 25
CHEST SPRINGS BOROUGH.					
14	Nutter & Co	7 25	14	M. Douglass	7 25
14	Wm. W. Saupp	7 25	14	John Crouse	7 25
CHEST TOWNSHIP.					
14	Baltzer Helfrick	7 75			
CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.					
14	E. R. Dunegan	7 25			
EAST CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.					
14	Bracken & Egan	7 25	14	P. F. Shaffer	7 25
14	Jno. Buchanan	7 25	14	Leonard Kist	7 25
EBENSBURG BOROUGH.					
13	E. Roberts & Son	10 25	14	Lemmon & Murray	7 25
13	V. S. Barker	10 25			
13	Geo. Huntley	10 25	14	A. P. Fields	7 25
13	Barker & Son	10 25	14	M. L. Oatman	7 25
13	Jacob Thomas	7 25	14	C. T. Roberts	7 25
14	J. P. Thompson	7 25	14	G. C. K. Zahm	7 25
14	R. J. Lloyd	7 25	14	Baxter & Son	7 25
14	Silas Davis	7 25	14	R. J. Mills	7 25
14	G. G. Owens	7 25	14	A. Krauss	7 25
14	Myers & Lloyd	7 25	14	A. Strittmatter	7 25
14	J. Donovan	7 25	14	Thos. Griffith	7 75
14	Thomas Lloyd	7 75			
FRANKLIN BOROUGH.					
14	D. Berkeybile	7 25	14	D. W. Coulter	7 25
14	S. C. Boyle	7 25	14	Peter Rubritz	7 25
14	Ephr'm Custer	7 25			
GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP.					
14	F. J. Christy	7 25	14	James Murray	7 25
14	John J. Troxell	7 25	14	Patrick Smith	7 25
14	David Mills	7 25	14	Thos. Bradley	7 25
14	Math. Dignam	7 25	14	A. J. Sauker	7 25
JOHNSTOWN BOROUGH.					
1	Wood, Morrell & Co	200 25	14	L. B. Schlick	7 75
13	Geis & Foster	10 25	14	John Scuable	7 25
13	Chas. H. Suppes	10 25	14	John W. Keller	7 25
13	J. Swank & Co	10 25	14	Jno. T. Kinney	7 25
13	Ch's Unversagt	10 25	14	John Thomas	7 25
13	Barker & Son	10 25	14	D. W. Harshberger	7 25
13	Wagoner & Son	10 25	14	V. Louther	7 25
13	F. W. Hay	10 25	14	L. Luckhardt	7 25
13	F. W. Kress	10 25	14	M. L. Gronberg	7 25
13	Bossart & Co	10 25	14	F. & G. Gallaher	7 25
13	Bentons Wayne	10 25	14	S. J. Hess & Bro.	7 25
14	Jos. Rankin	7 25	14	Louis Cohen	7 25
14	George Heiser	7 25	14	A. D. Brinker	7 25
14	David Creed	7 25	14	M. & J. Nathans	7 25
14	May Brothers	7 25	14	A. Montgomery	7 25
14	Rob't Sagerson	7 25	14	C. T. Frazer	7 25
14	Mich'l Finegan	7 25	14	M. P. Meagher	7 25
14	R. Trademick	7 25	14	W. C. Pike	7 25
14	L. L. Litzinberger	7 25	14	Fockler & Co	7 25
14	Miller & Hepner	7 25	14	B. Sweeny & Co	7 25
14	A. Reoke	7 25	14	E. Kohler & Co	7 25
14	Christ. Kempel	7 25	14	John Ludwick	7 25
14	Rundle, Kunkel & Co	7 25	14	Benj. F. Hall	7 25
14	Aug. Gearhart	7 25	14	J. J. Hessinger	7 25
14	Ch. Gearhart	7 25	14	Davis & Lewis	7 25
14	Wm. M'Pherson	7 25	14	W. J. Rose	7 25
14	A. Beck	7 25	14	Julian Laurent	7 25
14	Griffith & Tittle	7 25	14	John Hannan	7 25
14	Wm. Updegraff	7 25	14	Chas. Oswald	7 25
14	G. Bentley	7 25	14	J. H. M'Culloch	7 25
14	G. J. Thomas	7 25	14	F. Border	7 25
14	N. & C. A. Horne	7 25	14	Brinker & Co	7 25
14	D. G. M'Culloch	7 25	14	Wm. P. Davis	7 25
14	Adam Pfarr	7 25	14	Charles Lewis	7 25
14	Jas. J. Murphy	7 25	14	W. H. Patton	7 25
14	John F. Barnes	7 25	14	John Pendry	7 25
14	Jacob Wild	7 25	14	Rich'd Bennett	7 25
14	Andrew Moses	7 25	14	John Thomas	7 25
14	C. J. Yost	7 25	14	Dibert & Bloch	7 25
14	J. J. Reese	7 25	14	Fockler & Lemmon	7 25
14	Henry Shepard	7 25	14	Geo. Shaffer	7 25
14	Mrs. Keemle	7 25	14	Chas. Samuel	7 25
14	Emil Young	7 25	14	Chas. Holstein	7 25
14	A. Burgraff	7 25	14	Levingston & Co	7 25
14	Ulwe & Co	7 25	14	Joseph Kountz	7 25
14	Crouse & Rockroth	7 25	14	Wm Fockler	7 25
14	Wm. Caldwell	7 25	14	Jacob Fend	7 25
14	J. B. Gearhart	7 25	14	A. Filler	7 25
JACKSON TOWNSHIP.					
14	David Simmons	1 25	14	Dan'l Albaugh	7 25
LORETTO BOROUGH.					
14	Shields & Son	7 25	14	Wm. Lininger	7 25
14	F. X. Haid	7 25	14	John Bradley	7 25
14	C. M'Ateer	7 25	14	F. O'Friel	7 25
14	A. J. Christy	7 25	14	Mary Kessler	7 25
MILLVILLE BOROUGH.					
14	G. W. Stutzman	7 25	14	P. Rodgers	7 25
14	H. W. Given	7 25			
RICHLAND TOWNSHIP.					
14	Bernard Ness	7 25	14	Geo. Berker	7 25
14	Jno. R. Horner	7 25	14	H. W. Shaffer	7 25
14	John Mattern	7 25	14	Geo. Conrad	7 25
SUSQUEHANNA TOWNSHIP.					
14	Peter Garman	7 25			
SUMMITVILLE BOROUGH.					
14	C. Reich	7 25	14	John Enger	7 25
14	M. Gillan	7 25	14	Jas. Bradley	7 25
14	Wm. M'Connell	7 25			
TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.					
14	Wood, Morrell & Co.	7 25			
WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.					
14	M. B. M'Laughlin	7 25	14	Jane Leahy	7 25
14	G. J. Davis	7 25	14	John Beck	7 25
14	J. H. Dysert & Co	7 25	14	Martin & Co	7 25
14	Eliz. M'Intosh	7 25	14	Wm. Pringle	7 25
14	P. M. & J. Brown	7 25	14	Wm. Griffith	7 25
WILMORE BOROUGH.					
14	John Schroth	7 25	14	Paul & Settlemoyer	7 25
14	P. M. Woleslagle & Son	7 25	14	Edward Evans	7 25
14	John M Colgan	7 25	14	P. Kirby	7 25
WHITE TOWNSHIP.					
14	Gates & Son	7 25	14	A. H. Fiske	7 25
14	Geo. Walters	7 25			
WOODVALE BOROUGH.					
14	John B. Clark	7 25			
WOODVALE TOWNSHIP.					
14	Jacob Ream	7 25	14	Jere. Hipple	7 25
14	W. Levington	7 25			

PATENT MEDICINES.

P. M. Woleslagle & Son, Wilmore Bor	5 25
Edward Evans, " "	5 25
G. J. Davis, Washington Township	5 25
F. J. Christy, Gallitzin Township	5 25

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

A CURIOUS CASE.

In 187—, on the steamer ——, from Louisville to Bowling Green, was quite a large party of passengers. We had gotten some distance up Green River, when at some landing, a gentleman and lady came aboard, registered as man and wife, and were duly assigned a state-room in the ladies' cabin. The boat's cabin presented the usual varied scene, some reading, several groups at the card tables, and knots here and there engaged in conversation. In a few minutes a waiter came forward and told the Captain that the lady just come aboard wished to see him in her room, who, a little surprised and wondering, went immediately back and knocked at the door, which was hesitatingly, cautiously, with evident signs of trepidation, opened. They were both, unmistakably, much alarmed, and the lady appealed to the Captain piteously for protection. To his astonished inquiries about the cause of all this, she explained that in passing down the hall she recognized a man who had been her husband, but from whom she had separated and married again, and who had driven them from their homes with threats of violence, and followed them with every possible annoyance; that they had just left a place in Indiana, as they thought, secretly, when lo and behold! here he was after them in Kentucky! She was in despair and implored the captain to protect them. He assured her he would, but begged her to point out the man, as he was acquainted with nearly all, and could not imagine which one it could be. After much importunity, the curtain being partially drawn to secure her from view, she was at last prevailed upon to pass cautiously out, her husband standing behind her and evidently equally frightened. The ridiculousness of the scene here presented may be imagined. Her eye, with terrified fascination, at last rests upon him, and she points out a Mr. ——, well known to the Captain—a gentleman whom he had known for years—well knew he was not married and had every reason to believe had never been.

The Captain assured her she was mistaken; that he knew the fact above related in regard to the man, and that it could not be true. She said, vehemently, "I know it is him. Do you think it possible that I could live with a man three years in the relation of a wife, that only a few weeks should intervene since I saw him, and then be unable to recognize him or mistake another for him?"

This was a poser sure enough, and to a stranger to all the parties, convincing and unanswerable. But, then, there stood the living, incradicable, insurmountable fact that this was John ——, and not Mr. ——. I had known for five or six years that he was not married, and had not been within that time. So we had it, neither being able to convince the other. I proposed to bring him up for closer inspection, but she was too much afraid of him to consent; but repeated assurances of protection at last prevailed, and I went out for him. Calling him out from his card party, I briefly told him what had occurred, and in his wondering amazement he assumed something of the appearance of a frightened co-prit. Brought face to face, the ludicrousness and singularity of the case culminated. He commences:

"What is this you accuse me of, madam—of being your former husband, of following you with threats to kill, etc.? Why, I do not know you—never saw you before on earth, to my knowledge, and I never had a wife."

She, answering, "What, sir? You deny that your name is ——, that you were once my husband, and that we separated in——, Indiana?"

He—"Yes, madam, I do deny it, each and all, most emphatically."

By this time, quite a crowd had been attracted as witnesses and auditors. She evidently was not convinced of her mistake, and, after a slight pause, says:

"Well, there is one way to decide this question of veracity between you and myself. If you are Mr. ——, and my former husband, you have a deep scar in the edge of and hidden by your hair, and at the top of your forehead."

Imagine the scene here. All are eager to see the result of the test, as he pulls off his hat, and stooping, presents his head for close inspection. She nervously raises his hair, looks, and looks again; there was no scar to be seen. He feels that he has triumphed, and the company present acquit him; but she, amazed and confused, seems but half convinced. Here the case rests. I have never since seen or heard of the strangely deluded lady, but the gentleman, the subject of this delusion, is still living on Green River, a respected, good citizen, and the hundreds who know him know this was a mistake, but a mistake utterly incredible and incomprehensible—not committed by an acquaintance, nor even an intimate friend, but by a wife, who had lived with a man in a marital relation for three or four years, and only separated from him then for a few months. As a case of "mistaken identity," it certainly is without a parallel.—*Correspondence Bowling Green (Ky.) Pantagraph.*

READ THIS.—Some one has said that the ability of nearly every man to pay his debts depends upon his ability to collect debts due him. The individuals of a community are linked together by a chain of debts and credits, and in time of depression the refusal of one person to discharge a single liability often embarrasses a line of a dozen debtors and creditors. Hence the prompt payment of small debts becomes, in times like these, a public as well as a private duty. The same money that pays a debt in the morning may pay a dozen before night and twelve men are thus relieved of anxiety and pressure by this payment of one obligation.

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National Line of Steamers to and from Europe. This Line is remarkable for comfort, speed and safety. Drafts for $1 and upwards sold at the lowest current rates. For further particulars call at MEAGHER'S BOOK STORE, 136 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa. [June22, 1872.-tf.]

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,

AND ALL KINDS OF

DOMESTIC LIQUORS,

AND IMPORTERS OF

Foreign Wines, Gins, Brandies, &c.,

No. 315 Liberty Street.

Dec. 6, 1871.-7 m. PITTSBURGH, PA.

EBENSBURG

WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

T. M. JONES & SONS.

Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest, or on time with interest at fair rates.

DR. GARVIN'S

NEW DISCOVERY

In Chemical and Medical Science.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Incipient Consumption.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Catarrh.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Asthma.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Heart Disease.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Skin Diseases.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Liver.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Regulate the Stomach and Bowels

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure all Female Weaknesses.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Purify the Blood.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Diseases of the Throat.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Bronchitis.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure "Rose Cold," or "Hay Fever"

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Lung Diseases.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Constipation.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Salt Rheum.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cure Kidney Diseases.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Prevent Cholera & Yellow Fever

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Prevent Malarious Fevers.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Breast.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Remove Pain in the Side or Back.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Are a Superior Tonic.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Appetite.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Cause the Food to Digest.

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Restore the Weak and Debilitated

Dr. GARVIN'S TAR REMEDIES Give Tone to Your System.

L. F. HYDE & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

195 Seventh Ave., New York.

Best Thing in the West.

Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe R. R.

LANDS.

Three Million Acres

Situated in and near the Arkansas Valley, in the Finest Portion of Kansas!

Eleven Years' Credit. Seven per Cent. Interest. 2½ per cent. reduction to settlers who improve.

A FREE PASS TO LAND BUYERS.

THE FACTS about this Grant are—Low Prices, Long Credit, and a Rebate to Settlers of nearly one-fourth; a Rich Soil and Splendid Climate; short and mild Winters; early planting, and no wintering of Stock; plenty of Rainfall, and just at the right season; Coal, Stone and Brick on the line; Cheap Rates on Lumber, Coal, &c.; and lands owned by Speculators, Homestead and Pre-emptions now abundant; a first-class Railroad on the line of a great Through Route; Products will pay for Land and Improvements.

IT IS THE BEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC *through the recent completion of the Road.*

For Circulars and general information address

A. E. TOUZALIN,

[1-17.-3m.] Manager Land Dep't, TOPEKA, KAN.

JOHNSON'S

RHEUMATIC COMPOUND,

AND

BLOOD PURIFIER.

For the effectual cure of Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and as a Blood Purifier, it has no equal; for a blessing awaiting from an impure state of the blood. The RHEUMATIC COMPOUND reaches the source of all trouble, and effectually banishes the disease from the system by its immediate action on the blood.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR IT

PREPARED BY

R. E. Sellers & Co.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Price, $1.00 per bottle.

Andrew Moses,

DRAPER & TAILOR,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Murray & Dunn,

PROPRIETORS OF

PHŒNIX FOUNDRY AND STOVE WORKS,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

HAVING purchased the establishment lately known as Enterprise Foundry, we are now prepared to manufacture

LIGHT CASTINGS

of every description.

The Various Styles of Stoves

manufactured at our establishment are in all respects equal to any in the market.

Steam Engines and all kind of Machinery

promptly and satisfactorily repaired.

☞ All our work is warranted to be exactly what it is represented. [Aug. 30.-tf.]

Genuine Romance in Real Life,

HOW TWO LOVERS WERE AT LAST UNITED.

That truth is stranger than fiction, everybody knows. But real life is not merely more strange—it is often more romantic than anything invented by the writers of romance. An instance of this has recently occurred within our knowledge; and the denouement of the story is so pleasant that I cannot refrain from giving it to your readers. I vouch for its correctness, as one at least of the parties concerned is well known to me.

About ten years ago a wealthy merchant of this city, having an only child, a beautiful girl of seventeen, became alarmed at certain indications of a consumptive tendency in her, and to recall her health sent her to pass some months at a country home among the hills of Vermont. The young lady recovered her health, but she lost her heart. She made the acquaintance of a young man named G——, a farmer's son, intelligent and well educated, but a machinist. The young people became warmly attached to each other, and entered into an engagement conditional on the consent of the lady's father. But the latter had more ambitious views for his daughter; and when the young machinist presented himself as her suitor he was treated with very little ceremony—was, in fact, dismissed by the father in a manner so offensive that pride forbade him to make any further advances. He went West, and entered into business in St. Louis. Having plenty of talent, energy and character, he was successful, soon had a large establishment of his own, and has accumulated a handsome fortune. Absorbed in business and in the various occupations of a man of prominence and influence, he had doubtless outgrown his early disappointment in love; but he had formed no other attachment, and remained unmarried.

The young girl, meanwhile, her lover being lost to her, accepted the husband selected by her father, was married, and went to live in France. At the end of two years she became a widow, but continued to reside abroad. She was in possession of a modest fortune, and her parents having died in this interval, there was nothing to call her back to Boston. Up to September of last year this was the position of affairs between these two. With each the brief romance of their early youth had faded into the memory of a tender dream, and nothing could have seemed less likely than the occurrence of an event which should reunite their sundered lives.

However, it so fell out that the requirements of Mr. G——'s business took him, last year, to Europe, and he remained abroad for several months. One evening, late in September, he was on board a little steamer going from Marseilles to Leghorn, when there came up one of those sudden storms for which these waters are unpleasantly noted. It was very rough, but no danger was anticipated. Mr. G—— sat on deck, watching the storm, and many passengers, among them several ladies, were doing the same. One of the latter had risen from her seat to go below, and was standing in an unguarded attitude, when, the steamer giving a violent lurch, she lost her balance and was thrown overboard. Mr. G—— saw the mishap, and instantly leaped after her into the sea. He was fortunate enough to find and support her; but it was dark, the sea was running high, and, though a boat was quickly sent out by the people on the steamer, those in it were unable to find the missing passengers, and it was supposed that they were drowned. But, fortunately for them, the steamer's people, as soon as the accident was known, had thrown out various things for them to cling to. A plank floated near them, and by this they were enabled to keep themselves from sinking. They were picked up on the following day by a vessel bound for Malta, and carried to that port.

And thus it was that these long separated lovers met at last. In the darkness of night, on a plank in the stormy waters of the Mediterranean, they recognized each other. They were reunited, and with no prospect before them but of a speedy death in each other's arms. Was it strange that the old love which had slumbered, not died, in their hearts, was re-awakened, and that on finding themselves once more possessed of life, felt it impossible to spend that life apart? At any rate, they were married soon after in the English chapel at Malta, and having passed the winter there, for the benefit of the lady's health, which had suffered greatly from the exposure she had undergone, they are at present on their way home to America. And may all true loves have an equally fortunate issue!—*Boston Letter to the Chicago Tribune.*

THE FAIR SEX.—That merry old bachelor, the Pope of Rome—and a handsome specimen of a well-preserved gentlemen he is too—takes a new view of the human race, as follows:

A short time since, when taking his customary walk, attended by his suite, the Pope halted before an aviary filled with rare birds, amongst them a magnificent peacock, which from his brilliant scarlet plumage, has received the soubriquet of "The Cardinal." The bird, which is quite tame, stepped forth from his cage and advanced with slow and stately pace towards the group, heedless of the injunctions of his master: "Come on; don't keep the Pope waiting." Arriving in front of the Holy Father he stood still, with head erect and conscious air, as if saying: "Admire me." As the latter was receiving his mede of petting at the hands of the Pope, the pea hen came up in her turn, but modestly remained in the rear of her mate, as if cognizant of her want of brilliancy. His Holiness, turning towards his suite, observed: "Since there are no ladies present I may venture to call your attention to the fact that in the entire animal tribe, whether volatile, quadruped, or reptile, the male is ever the handsomer. It is only in the human race that the females claim the palm of beauty, having pretensions to style themselves 'the fair sex;' but," added the Holy Father, laughingly, striking his chest with his hand meanwhile, "it is all the mistake of their vanity; we men are the fair sex."

ATTACHMENT TO NEWSPAPERS.—The strong attachment of subscribers to a well conducted newspaper is fully confirmed by publishers. "Stop my paper," words of dread to new beginners, lose their terror after a journal has been established for a term of years. So long as a paper pursues a just, honorable and judicious course, meeting the wants of its customers in all respects, the ties of friendship between the subscribers and the paper are as difficult to break by an outside third party as the links which bind old friends in business or social life. Occasional defects and errors in a newspaper are overlooked by those who have become attached to it through its perusal for years. They may sometimes become dissatisfied with it on account of something which has slipped into its columns, and may stop taking it, but the absence of the familiar sheet at their houses or office for a few weeks becomes an insupportable deprivation, and they hasten to resume subscription. This is the common experience in the history of all established papers. No friendship on earth is more constant than that contracted by the readers of a journal which makes an honest and earnest effort to merit their continued support.

THOMAS CARLAND

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS.

1323 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

NEXT DOOR TO POST-OFFICE.

Cooking Stoves,

Heating Stoves,

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, four doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

EBENSBURG

BOOK, DRUG and VARIETY STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Essence Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.

Cigars and Tobaccos,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Reviews, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

C. C. K. ZAHM,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS.

JOHN D. THOMAS,

Boot and Shoe Maker

THE undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calf-skin boots to the coarsest brogans, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!

SAMPLE STREET,

Near Union School House, Ebensburg.

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,

Spring Wagons, Sleighs,

And all other description of Work in that line.

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.

A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.

June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

DENTISTRY!

AT REDUCED RATES!

DR. L. D. HOFFMAN, graduate of Dental Surgery, respectfully informs the public that he has permanently located in EBENSBURG, where he may be found every day of the week.

Dr. HOFFMAN, after having had ample practice for the space of seven years, does not hesitate in affirming that he can give perfect satisfaction in every case relating to the profession. All branches of Mechanical and Surgical Dentistry carefully and scientifically performed. Particular attention given to filling decayed teeth. Also, teeth extracted without pain. For further information concerning prices, etc., call at his office on High street, opposite the Cambria House, where may be examined samples of his work, *which need only be seen to be appreciated.* [may 25.-tf.]

MILLINERY & DRESS MAKING.—The attention of the Ladies of Ebensburg and vicinity is directed to the fact that MRS. R. E. JONES has just received an invoice of new and fashionable Millinery Goods, at her rooms, in the East Ward, Ebensburg. Wedding Bonnets, Hats, etc., a specialty. Dressmaking done. The patronage of the public is respectfully solic ited [may 9.-1y.]

ESTABLISHED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS!

FRANK W. HAY

Manufacturer,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

—OF—

TIN, COPPER,

—AND—

Sheet-Iron WARES,

AND DEALER IN

HEATING PARLOR and COOKING

STOVES,

Sheet Metals,

—AND—

HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS GENERALLY.

Jobbing in

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON

PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Nos. 278, 280 and 282 Washington St.,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS AND CAPS,

IRON AND NAILS

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,

READY-MADE CLOTHING

GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,

WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

Nos. 150 and 152 Baton Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus,	Cane Chairs,
Bedsteads,	Wood Seat Chairs,
Washstands,	Kitchen Furniture,
Sideboards,	Bed Lounges,
Chamber Sets,	Mattresses,
Parlor Sets,	Tete-a-Tetes,
Wardrobes,	Extension Tables,
Book Cases,	Dining Tables,
Lounges,	Cupboards,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and hub makers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

PARKE & LEVERGOOD'S MARBLE WORKS

39 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in price, design and execution of work.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly filled at the very lowest cash rates. Try us.

Oct. 24.-m.* PARKE & LEVERGOOD.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD and TOMB STONES, COUNTER and CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

F. P. TIERNEY..... JAMES NULL.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE

—OF—

TIERNEY & NULL,

Colonnade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-71.-tf.]

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

J. GALLITZIN LAKE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa.

F. A. SHOEMAKER..... WM. H. SECHLER.

SHOEMAKER & SECHLER

Attorneys-at-Law,

[9-16.] EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA. [tf.

JOHN P. LINTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, upstairs. Entrance on Franklin street.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonnade Row, Senior street. [1-20.-tf.]

A SUBLIME LOVE AFF

A MINNESOTA VILLAGE MES

Whether the ice-god rocks the cascades, the dashing waterfalls like valleys here adorns the der a romantic love in the girls and boys in this region, prepared to say, says the Detroit but there is certainly something the earth, air or water, which of Minnesota's young men and fall very deeply into the depths der passion; and sometimes the this feeling in various ways. dence of this, we record as a life of a not-long-ago wedded

A young man named Rene aged twenty-two, who had been ployee somewhere along the P., met at St. Paul last Susie P. Englefelt, a girl of daughter of a German settler Kettle river, and an intimacy between them. They remained while, but one of Henry's letters to fall into the hands of Susie Wilhelm, there was a life-and part of her father and mother language denounced the coming informed her that the thing must ped at once. And as they A few months ago, Henry missed from the breakfast searching her room it was found she had not been in bed wardrobe had gone; now real alarm in the family brother was sent to look for He wandered about for days without finding his she heard from him at a when a lumberman there was a young built log cabin on Kettle six miles above its Croix.

From this point the pair, the family Susie and her brother resolved to they did the following comfortably, but The cabin, though two apartments, comfortably. On asking Brethandt said they and that he had enough to show those of a villain, reason why their wedded tired, was owing to the minister who failed to come to promised to do, and age, was afraid to married, lest her and send her to some which was something and which her mother threatened. Thus they under one roof, but did After some persuasion girl's brother, who did not only true gentleman in Brethandt "reaved in" and gave his union of the lovers. that the marriage should following Sunday at

In conversing with the old Mr. Englefelt after the discovery of pondence, had written her intended, who, having elected a quarter to work and put up the it. When all was Susie, and she being sister to come there their future home aboard a tempting and, and was miles to their the night there, the she wept bitterly, but Henry assured the separate room he acceded.

The pair were dul dence of the girl's Sunday, and now connexions, are hopeful deal of romance in when the reader drew for over eleven the boards which that of the girl he has a principle of parties shines out that sparkles of makes the matter almost half of there is another wooden ware.

One or two other States are pre-eminent in some two or three of minor importance, but the above the leading facts of interest to be from the tables.

Facts from the Cens

Some curious facts examining the figures relating to manufactures the conclusions reached importance of several the aggregate of these learn which State exc branch of manufacturing proportion of the commodities it supplies. Thus, in ture of cotton goods, precedence, turning the aggregate product Massachusetts absorbs, ing, boots and shoes one-half of all made kets, brushes, cordage half), chairs, spinning serves and sauces, sh ing apparel, woolen goods

New York heads the list in facture of artificial limbs, tents, bellows, leather, bles, bookbinding, cigars, chee and packing boxes, hats, der, coffee, coffins, tionery, cooperage, dye files, refrigerators, furs, gas fitting, hair-work, hats and caps, sets, wheels, stoves, liquors, picture frames, mill, linery, tobacco pipes, ing, pumps, regalia, safes, verware, soap and candles, type, copper and sheet iron work, upholstery, varnish, work.

Pennsylvania claims pre-eminence in the matter of blacking, brass founding, rag carpets, cars, coke, chemicals, coal oil, drugs, fireworks, glassware, glue, iron and its manufactures, limes, lumber, general machinery, boilers, lead and zinc paints, medicines, perfumery, roofing materials, steel, stereotyping and electrotyping, umbrellas and canes, whips and fancy carved wood.

Connecticut stands at the head in firearms, gunpowder, hardware, spectacles and one or two articles which constitute a subdivision of general heads.

New Jersey leads all in artificial stone, saddlery, hardware, jewelry, kaolin, and ground earths, valises and satchels.

Illinois is at the head in butchering and in distilling liquors. It also excels in the production of paper hangings and packing.

Ohio makes the most boots, pegged and most dressed flax, and turns out the most wooden ware.